

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# EVENING POST

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KIMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.  
HENRY PETERSON,

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

## MAUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Shy—because of loving so—  
Maud and I grew up together,  
In the “years and years ago.”  
Pleasant fell the sunny weather,  
Over hills and uplands bright  
Flowed the sea of summer light,  
And the meadows at our feet  
Ne'er before were half so sweet  
As when—with the blue above—  
Softly told my all my love.

Maud stood silent—with a smile—  
Though she touched my hand demurely,  
But her eyes said, all the while—  
“Willie, do you mean it surely?”  
With a lover’s subtle art,  
I had long divined her heart  
By the pulses of the rain,  
Throbbing on the casement-pane,  
And her blusher rise and fall,  
By the roses on the wall.

Maud had a bewitching way—  
She was small, and pale, and slender—  
Noiseless as a wind in May;  
And her blue eyes with the splendor  
Of old dreams were dark and grave—  
(Like the eyes sed poets have).  
At an old cathedral shine  
Glimpses of the life divine,  
So the spirit’s infinite  
Mystery touched her brow with light.

Down her shoulders statuque,  
Flowed her locks in dusky showers,  
Crowned with summer’s arabesque—  
Of rare purple buds and flowers—  
As the firelight’s pleasant glow  
Strikes across the twilight snow—  
As the frozen glaciers shine,  
Dashed with sunset’s rosy wine,  
So her nature’s tender grace  
Overflowed her virgin face.

Sixteen years grew “little Maud,”  
Then one twilight I remember,  
On her new grave’s broken sod  
Trailed the black locks of November:  
And I heard the bitter rain,  
Widely driving on the pane,  
And on withered meadows beat,  
Like a sound of marching feet,  
That had slowly gone that way,  
Bearing little Maud that day.

Baby-hands are clasping mine—  
Blessed Maud! look out of heaven!

All those darling ways of thine

To this sweet one have been given;

“Maud,” we call her, and the name

Thrills me evermore the same

As when in that sunny weather

Thou and I were pledged together,

And from out my yearning heart,

Never, never shall depart,

Till life’s solemn work is done,

Maud the last—and Maud the won.

Clemont Hall, near Baltimore.

January 1st, 1859.

## THE TRAITOR FOILED; A LEGEND OF SAINTE-BARBE.

I.

It was the 5th of July, 1839, a glorious summer day, when the Turkish fleet lay at anchor in the Dardanelles. Above the other vessels towered the *Montebello*, once a French ship-of-the-line, but sold some years previously to Sultan Mahmud by Louis Philippe, to serve as a model ship. She had not only retained her original name, but there were many other marks of her nationality to be noticed, which reminded a visitor of la belle France. A large portion of the crew had entered the Turkish service, and instructed the Turkish sailors, who assuredly required the lesson. The present captain had been second lieutenant in the old times: he was an excellent sailor, educated at the naval school at Brest, and so attached to the old hooker, that he could not bear to part from her. Hence, with the permission of the Prince de Joinville, he had entered the Turkish service, where he held the rank of bey, and was known as Rifaat Bey, although the French sailors called him, as before, Captain Sanglade. The oldest inhabitant on board the *Montebello* was the gunner, Pierre Selever, who had really grown up with the ship. He knew her while still on the stocks, and had watched, with growing interest, her gradual conversion into a noble man-of-war. While she was building, it was his delight to visit every portion of her, and his ambition was to take the first voyage in her. At length she was all ready for sea, and was intended to fight the English. Lists were opened, and volunteers asked to join her at Toulon. You may be quite sure our Pierre was one of the first at the office, and his wishes were gratified—he joined the *Montebello*.

There was one gloomy spot in the gigantic ship which Pierre watched with jealous glances of affection. It was a dangerous place, but that enhanced the charm. It was at the very bottom of the hold, far below the water-line, and carefully separated from the rest of the ship by iron-plated doors: a lantern, that stood in a vessel of water, was the only light, and this could only be opened and trimmed from the outside. It was a gloomy spot, and Sainte-Barbe (as the men had christened the magazine) was a name on board the *Montebello*, which made even the most courageous man feel uncomfortable. Pierre, however, delighted in the magazine, and as he earnestly re-

quested the post of gunner, he soon received the keys, and became sole lord of this dark and dangerous spot. As gunner of the *Montebello* had visited every part of the globe. The *Montebello* was launched in 1781, and in 1837, when she was handed over to the Turkish commission at Smyrna, he was still gunner, though seventy-five years of age. He had gone through many perils; the worst of all, perhaps, when the *Trocadero* blew up, and hurled a mass of fire on board the sister ship. So long as the danger lasted, Pierre stood at his post, but when the fire was extinguished he sank down a bit, and it was a long time before he could leave the hospital.

There were two great days in Pierre’s life: one, when he received the cross of the Legion for his fifty years’ service; the other, when the Prince de Joinville patted him on the shoulder, when the ship was handed over to the Turks, and said, heartily, “Bravo, gunner!” The old sailor looked up tearfully to the tri-color flag, which was so soon to be removed, and a peculiar feeling overpowered him. How often had he seen the ensign changed!—first, the Lilies of Louis Seize; then the tri-color of the Republic; next, the Imperial flag; and then, for only eight weeks, the eagle again; then the lilies once more, and then tri color came back; and now the *Montebello* was to hoist the crescent flag of the Sultan. Well! well! he would do his duty as he had a new master, but that was no reason he should shirk work; and Pierre Selever entered the Turkish service after all only for the sake of the dear old ship, from which it would have broken his heart to part.

For a time the *Montebello* was stationed off Beshiktash, for Mahmud was very proud of her; but in 1838, she joined the fleet in the Dardanelles, to take part in the festivities accompanying the accession of Abd-ul-Medjid.

II.

Two gentlemen made their appearance on the quarter-deck of the *Montebello*: the one was Captain Sanglade; the other, who wore civil clothing, was a young man of about thirty, and his features revealed a great amount of intelligence.

“I assure you, my dear Lattas, this is the place for a man to make his fortune,” said the captain, in his quick sailor manner: “great things will take place here soon, and any man who has the luck to be mixed up in them will be made for life. The bow will not endure the pressure much longer.”

“You really believe that it will come to a great war, in which the European powers will take part?”

“I am certain of it. If the powers seriously mean to maintain the integrity of Turkey, they cannot hold off much longer. Suppose we examine matters calmly. Let us leave out of the question the reports that roused such alarm yesterday in Stamboul, that the Seraskier had been beaten at Nisib by the Egyptians, but does not Mehmet Ali’s power increase daily? What will not this man yet effect, if he continues his progress and fortune still adheres to him? There are many persons who can remember Mehmet Ali as a trader in a dirty Cairo shop. The French occupation of Egypt made him take up arms, and you should gain an example in him, my dear Lattas.”

“I fear last French obstinacy will paralyze the English and Austrian exertions to maintain the integrity of Turkey,” said Lattas, thoughtfully.

“No,” said Sanglade, violently interposed. “I am sorry to be forced to side against my own country, but I see no good resulting to France from this conflict. The want of chivalry in helping a rebel against his lord will yet be bitterly avenged! If the news of the defeat be confirmed, the misfortune will prove of incalculable benefit to the young Sultan, for the great powers must interpose at once.”

“I cannot explain this inactivity of the fleet during the struggle on the Euphrates,” said Lattas, gloomily. “A diversion would have proved of great service to the cause of the Sultan, as it would have checked the advance of the powers.”

“Don’t warn me of that!” the captain cut him short by saying: “I fear we are all bought and sold here! You have no idea of the intrigues that are going on. The capudan-pasha is a deadly enemy of the vizier, Chosrov Pacha, and will not hesitate at any step which can destroy him. I am no alarmist, but I would wager that something wrong is intended with the fleet. There are too many signs of it, I am sorry to say.”

“What could be done with it?” asked Lattas.

“It could be surrendered,” the captain said, angrily: “it is not so far from the Dardanelles to Egypt, and Heaven grant we may not be forced to make the voyage.”

“And you believe that the fleet could be betrayed so easily?”

“What can we do? Don’t you see how cleverly the *Montebello* has been placed between two Turkish ships of the line, whose captains are the creatures of the capudan-pasha? When the order is given to weigh, and the *Montebello* dared to refuse, she would be blown out of the water. Yes, yes, dear Lattas, I know these fellows; they are capable of anything. If we are betrayed, though, I will restore the *Montebello* to the Sultan, so true as my name is Sanglade. Whenever you hear that a trick has been played with the fleet, go to the grand vizier and tell him Captain Sanglade foretold it, but could not prevent it, as he is compelled to obey the orders of the admiral, so long as he is not openly guilty of treason. But, when he is once convicted, San-

glade will bring the *Montebello* back to the Dardanelles, or else blow her up!”

“And you wish me really to tell the grand vizier so?”

“Without hesitation, as soon as you hear that we have weighed anchor. For the capudan-pasha can only lead us from here direct to Mehmet Ali. And, as regards yourself, dear Lattas, strive to join the army. Demand an audience of the grand vizier, and refer to me. Tell him that we formed an acquaintance at Smyrna, while I was still gunner, though seventy-five years of age. He had gone through many perils; the worst of all, perhaps, when the *Trocadero* blew up, and hurled a mass of fire on board the sister ship. So long as the danger lasted, Pierre stood at his post, but when the fire was extinguished he sank down a bit, and it was a long time before he could leave the hospital.

“During my forced idleness in Stamboul, I have employed myself in drawing a plan of the city. Suppose I were to offer it to the grand vizier—it might serve as an introduction.”

“Capital! do so, and your ability will be proved at once. When you have once joined the army you cannot fail of success, and then perhaps we shall meet again, it may be, under arms on the Syrian coast.”

The captain had scarce spoken ere a shout was heard, “Boat ahoy!” and in a moment after an officer came up the side. The captain joined him, and they had a short conversation. When it was ended, Sanglade looked very pale and disturbed. He rapidly approached Lattas, and shook his hand almost convulsively, and whispered,

“Go—go, Lattas! I have just received a notice which must drive all the blood out of my cheeks. Oh, these stupid creatures! they can only see the signal flags, and cannot dive into their secret meaning. So soon as the capudan-pasha has joined his ship—and he is expected every moment—the anchor will be weighed. Three days ago, we received a command to hold ourselves in readiness, and no man was to be allowed leave. But now, go to the grand vizier—to no hesitate a moment—repeat to him what I have told you just now—you cannot have a better chance. But do not forget one thing: Captain Sanglade is responsible for the *Montebello*, and will bring her back, no matter at what cost, so soon as the treason is accomplished.”

He shook hands heartily with Lattas, who went down the side and entered the cañue which was awaiting. Within a quarter of an hour the admiral’s flag was hoisted on board his vessel, and the fleet saluted. This was followed by an order to weigh anchor, and before night the Turkish fleet was well out of the Dardanelles. It was the 5th of July when Achmed Fezzi Pasha took the fleet from Stamboul against the express orders of his imperial master, and on the 14th he handed it over to the rebellious vassal, Mehmet Ali, Pasha of Egypt and Syria.

III.

More than a year had passed away. Mehmet Ali had been continually victorious, and the Turkish Empire was threatened with dissolution, when the envoys of the great powers commenced their conferences in London, intended to maintain the dignity of Turkey.

It was the 3rd of November, 1839. An enormous mass was collected on the Gulehane square. All eyes were fixed on the Kiosk of Tulips in the seraglio garden, where the youthful Sultan had just made his appearance. His intelligent face was pale, and his mature form seemed to deny the fact that he was only sixteen years of age. He was dressed in uniform, the red collar was embroidered with diamonds, a white ostrich plume fluttered above his fez, and a blue cloak hung down from his shoulders. The band struck up, the troops presented arms, and shouts of welcome were heard from a thousand throats. In a clear, harmonious voice, the Sultan read the hatti-sherif, which will be forever known by the name of Gulehane. From this day forth the Turkish Empire became an integral member of the European state family. The Sultan retired amid the joyful shouts of the assembled people.

While the excited populace were slowly retreating from the garden, a young and thoughtful man was hurrying along the streets. He, too, had been present in the Sultan’s suite; he wore the uniform of a Turkish colonel, and we are already acquainted with him, as we met him on board the *Montebello* with Captain Sanglade. Since that time Michel Lattas has gained distinction, and bears the name of Omar Bey. Chosrov Pacha, the grand vizier, had recognized his pre-eminent abilities, and gladly accepted his services, and, at the time we meet him again, he is hurrying to his powerful patron, who has invited him to an interview in his apartments at the new palace of Tchiragan. The Sultan read the *Montebello* belong to him. To his highness, the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid.

IV.

There were two persons present in the cabin of the *Montebello*, which vessel lay in the roads of Alexandria. The gunner, Pierre Selever, was standing before the captain, who looked at him fixedly, and then asked him:

“How long have you served on board the *Montebello*, gunner?”

“Fifty-eight years, captain.”

“Long enough to assume that some one will soon relieve you in the *Sainte-Barbe*. ”

“I am aware I cannot last much longer,” said the gunner, coolly.

“Console yourself, my friend. It may be that Providence has reserved the greatest doom of your life for this last hour.”

“I do not understand you, captain.”

“Do you love the *Montebello*?”

“As my life!”

“Well, then, sacrifice your life for her.”

“I do not understand you, captain.”

“To whom does the *Montebello* belong?”

“To his highness, the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid.”

“And where is she lying?”

“In the roads of Alexandria. God forgive it!” the gunner muttered, as he gnashed his teeth.

“And where ought she to lie?”

“In the Dardanelles, if I had my way, captain.”

“I am of your opinion, gunner. But when we agree as to the place where the *Montebello* ought to lie, we must do our part to bring it about.”

The gunner looked at the captain half-doubtfully, and said naively,

“Do you share, captain?”

“Well remarked, gunner. I intend to do so, and reckon on your assistance.”

“Has the magazine anything to do with it?”

“Certainly! *Sainte-Barbe* shall lead us back to the Dardanelles.”

“I am sorry once more not to understand you, man captain.”

“You shall understand me directly. Will you obey me blindly if I put you in the position which I think best suited to restore us our honor?”

“I never held any other post than that in the magazine.”

“You shall keep it.”

“Then I am at your orders.”

“But you must leave the *Montebello*.”

The old man felt as if he had received his death-blow. He muttered, in his agony,

“Leave the *Montebello*—I—after nearly sixty years’ service! Oh, no, captain, that cannot be—it really cannot.”

The old man shook his head with great sternness, and looked at the captain sternly.

“Reflect, gunner, what meaning such a refusal has from your mouth. It is left entirely in your hands to restore the Padishah his fleet.”

“What do you say?” Selever exclaimed, violently, and his eye flashed fire as he watched the captain’s lips. What was that I heard?

“I, the poor harmless gunner, have it in my power to restore the Sultan his ships! You are jesting, captain.”

“I am not jesting,” said Sanglade, with an earnestness in his voice which dissipated every doubt. “It is as I say to you, and because

do your treachery, as you have exulted it by a good deed."

"And suppose I do not accept your proposal?" the admiral inquired anxiously.

"Then I shall kill you, and assume the command of the flag-ship alone," the captain answered, coolly.

The admiral sat silent in his indecision. The pistol in the captain's hand gave his words an unmistakable effect. And, without, he fancied every man a mulceme, every hand ready to second the pistol of the captain, who spoke in behalf of all.

"And suppose I decide to carry the fleet to the Dardanelles, what will happen in that case?"

"Then we shall obey the capacious-pasha, who will give his orders through me. I will remain by your side till we have left the roads of Alexandria and are steering for Stamboul."

"I cannot leave Alexandria like a fugitive," the admiral objected.

"Yet you left Stamboul in that way."

The admiral was silent.

"Will you yield to the general wish, and order the anchor to be weighed?"

A heavy sigh escaped from the terrified man, and at last he muttered,

"Be it so!"

"I thank you, admiral. But, in order that you may claim the whole merit of the deed, and have witnesses at Stamboul that you acted from your own free will, you must appear with me on the quarter-deck."

"I will follow you," the pasha said, de-spondingly.

"Before we go, one word more, admiral, the last bold and open one I shall say to you. I have put up the pistol. Without, I have a more certain guarantee that you will do your duty, and place no obstacle in my way as captain of the flag ship."

"And that is?" the pasha asked, in a hesitating manner.

"In the invisible connection between myself and the magazine."

The admiral turned pale involuntarily.

"A word, a movement on your part calculated to arouse my suspicions, and I blow the flag ship up. Will you be pleased to give orders to weigh anchor?"

The pasha nodded his silent assent, and the two men proceeded on deck. Within five minutes the flag-ship was one mass of signals, and the fleet prepared to start once more for the Dardanelles. Great was the surprise felt, but this was soon changed into a feeling of unbounded delight. As for Captain Sanglade, it was the happiest day of his life when he sailed past the flag ship, bound for Stamboul.

While all this was going on above, the old gunner, Pierre Selevre, sat far down in the magazine, waiting with some nervous excitement for what might happen. But hour after hour passed away and nothing came. Only one remarkable circumstance had occurred—the ship was evidently in motion, and was bounding merrily over the waves. The gunner could notice this fact even in the depths of the magazine. He did not trouble himself with much thought as to how this had been brought about. He was pleased that it was so, and a sort of joyful foreboding whispered to him that he had a considerable share in the sailing of the ship. And again hour after hour ran by, but the ship did not rest. Suddenly—the gunner had certainly been sitting more than twelve hours in the magazine—steps were heard without, and some one rapped at the door. The gunner jumped up in agitation. He took one step forward, but then stopped, as if nailed to the ground. Suppose the order had now arrived to blow the ship up? Selevre was overpowered by the fearful idea; his legs tottered beneath him, and he leaned against the door. Again a rapping was heard, and this brought the gunner to his senses. He shook off all his nervousness with a violent action, and opened the door. A joyful "Ah!" burst from him when he saw Captain Cardicus's good-humored countenance.

"You are relieved, Gunner Selevre," said the captain.

A stone seemed to fall from off the gunner's heart.

"The ship will not be blown up?" he asked.

"God forbid! We are bound for the Dardanelles. If you go up aloft you can see the Montebello steering merrily in that direction."

"Long live the Montebello and her brave Captain Sanglade!" shouted the gunner, proudly joyful.

Such was the story I heard some two years back on board a Turkish man-of-war laid up in ordinary above the new bridge at Stamboul. It was told me by a Frenchman still serving the Sultan, who was acquainted with all the facts, and was very proud of the distinguished part his countryman played in the affair. I believe the story is not generally known, and I have therefore no hesitation in imparting it to my readers. Whatever their opinion may be as to the truth of the tale, they will unite with me in agreeing that if "it is not true, it ought to be."

Never yet  
Knew I a whole true man of Jove-like port,  
But in his heart of hearts there lived and reigned  
A very woman—sensitive and quick  
To teach his tears, and laughter, born of toys  
That means look make mock at. If a man  
Includes not thus a woman, he is less,  
I hold, than man.

—Anon.

—Serenades von der Stern.—Never think of saying "No to a goose. Say yes to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

—He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, to his father's care.

—FAMILY BATH FOR THE WINTER.—Getting into daily "hot water" with your wife.

—FIRE—freeze, thou bitter sky.  
Thou dost not bite so nigh.

As benefits forget.  
Though thou the waters warp.  
The sting is not so sharp.

As friends remembered not.

—Shakespeare.

—At a missionary sermon, in a country village, all the congregation shed tears with the exception of one rustic, who, when he was asked why he continued unaffected, replied, "I don't belong to this parish."

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and its alone. It is not a mere Register of a Daily Paper.

### TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$2 a year in advance, and in the city by Carrington & Son's & sons.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States Postage.

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### TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt,  
author of *Michelet*, Grace Greenwood,  
*Old Dominion*, &c.; Florence Percy,  
T. S. Arthur, Martha Russell,  
Emma Alice Brown, Mrs. M. A. Deakins,  
Author of "Letters Author of 'My Last  
From Paris,'" &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCK, ALFRED TRINITY, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Robinson," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c., giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

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### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The news by the Arabs is more pacific in its character.

The question of an Austrian occupation of Servia, no longer disturbs the political atmosphere, as the new state of affairs in that province having been acquiesced in by Turkey, Austria has not even decent pretence for such a movement—supposing that she ever intended it. From France herself seems to come an almost unanimous popular condemnation of any disturbance of the peace of Europe. All the ministers of Louis Napoleon also are said to favor peace. The funds therefore are again on the march upwards, their depreciation in consequence of that little speech of the Emperor's, being stated as follows—"5 per cent. in France, 3 per cent. in Russia, 5 per cent. in Sardinia, 6 per cent. in Austria, and 3 per cent. in Turkey, making an aggregate depreciation in the nominal value of the public stocks and shares in the European markets of not less than sixty millions pounds sterling."

It must be remembered, however, that this immense depreciation is more nominal than real. If all the holders had sold out at the depressed prices, the loss to them would have been the \$300,000,000 stated—but, as only very few probably sold out, and as the funds double will rise again to their former level, the holders will stand just where they did before—and have gained a little wholesome experience as to the fluctuating character of all earthly possessions besides.

Louis Napoleon, his agents, and his friends, meanwhile, are pocketing a very pretty sum by buying at the depressed rates, and selling in a rising market. Of course, we do not and cannot know whether he designed this, as an effect of his ambiguous words on New Year's day; but really the cherishing of a suspicion of this kind, does not hit very great injustice. Many a seemingly portentous movement of history, has had its origin in very trifling causes; and if the present French monarch is not unscrupulous enough for almost anything, the great majority of impartial observers of his career are laboring under a lamentably incorrect impression of his character.

—FAMILY BATH FOR THE WINTER.—Getting into daily "hot water" with your wife.

—FIRE—freeze, thou bitter sky.

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duty of every government, if not the most important. If, as Thomas Carlyle says, "The end of every lie is bankruptcy," then we might argue that the present government of France was essentially founded on vanity, and not on falsehood. France, according to the last official report of her Treasury Department, has been seldom in such a condition of monetary prosperity. With all the costs of the war department, and of the recent expeditions to China and Cochinchina, China,—with the heavy interest of her funded debt to provide for—her revenue is abundantly able not only to meet her current expenses, but to provide a sinking fund for the future. It is no slight evidence of the solidity of the government, and the prosperity of the people, that all taxes are paid with such promptness and facility that the cost of collection has decreased nearly one-third, including the expense of units for recovery. In fact, one sees in the ability, energy and foresight of Louis Napoleon's administration, the compensation which reconciles the French to the loss of freedom.

AMONG At a recent meeting of the Statistical Society, in London, we notice that Miss Florence Nightingale was elected a "Fellow"—probably this was owing to the amount of "fellow-feeling" displayed by her in the Russian war.

At the same meeting, an essay on the Vital Statistics of the Society of Friends, was read by a Mr. Fox—whether a descendant of the famous George, is not stated. Among Mr. Fox's conclusions, are the following:—That there is a great excess of females over males in the Society. That there are fewer marriages, in proportion to numbers, in, than outside of the Society. That the fecundity of marriage is apparently greater than in the general population; whether it *actually* is so, is a point which must be left undecided. That the death-rate is considerably below that of the general population. That the males seem to live much longer, and the females but little longer, than the general population.

We have little doubt, for ourselves, that the members of the Society of Friends, everywhere, owing to their generally calm, industrious, and sober lives, live longer than the rest of the population. Passion and ardent emotion—a quick pulse and a ready brain and hand—are continually wearing upon the chords of life those who possess them. But then, on the other hand, a "quick spirit" lives more in a day, than some men do in a week.

—**SOME SURPRISE.**—Some surprise recently was occasioned in the Legislature of this State, by the presentation of a memorial from the German Lutheran congregation of Frankford, asking for a *repeal* of the laws prohibiting the running of the city horse cars on Sunday.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY AND THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Mercantile Library, the resolution directing the Board of Managers to subscribe again for the Westminster Review, was taken up and adopted.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

MARY ANN.—We see no objection to your marrying a drover—that is, if you love him, and your parents are willing. Dr. Johnson said,

"Who drives fat cattle should himself be fat."

and, for our part, we do not think "fatness" is any very serious objection to a lover. Fat men are apt to be good tempered—for, if not good tempered and easy in his circumstances, a man could hardly become feeble. Therefore the presumption is in favor of that description of gentleman. The prejudices that the majority of young ladies have in favor of your lank, lean youngsters, is probably the result of disease, mental or otherwise. Fat may be as romantic and sentimental as their brother brethren—though it is evident that they do not neglect their health so much, in the gratification of their romantic ideas. For instance, serenading, and spending long hours in the middle of the night, gazing on the window of the room in which your sweetheart is slumbering, are apt to result in severe colds, not to say consumption, and in a general unfitness for business the next day. No lady should encourage her lover in such conduct. Going by the spirit of these hints, Mary Ann can hardly fail to go right.

OLIVE OIL.—We have no doubt that the use of olive oil after bathing is beneficial—especially when soap has been used. The ancients, who were great bathers, used invariably to anoint their bodies with fine and fragrant oils after the bath. The principal objection to the practice at the present day, is the difficulty of getting pure oils.

EVERYTHING.—"Stupefaction, tyranny, ignorance, despotism now sit on the bench to administer justice to the masses; but intelligence and magnanimity shall take them by the beard—the people will hold gold in preference to paper, and be their own bankers."

NOVEMBER.—"A bill may be brought into the House for Liberty of Conscience to the Sovereign, as Presbyterianism has almost swamped the establishment. The bad landlord will this month make the poor tenant feel his master power. Fat should take care of his money, as he may give it in mistake to a descendant of the blood-letting Cromwell, who has no legal right to the soil. The Irish militiaman may again soon lose his trowsers, if he does not keep his firelock in order and his powder dry."

SEPTEMBER.—"A bill may be brought into the House for Liberty of Conscience to the Sovereign, as Presbyterianism has almost swamped the establishment. The bad landlord will this month make the poor tenant feel his master power. Fat should take care of his money, as he may give it in mistake to a descendant of the blood-letting Cromwell, who has no legal right to the soil. The Irish militiaman may again soon lose his trowsers, if he does not keep his firelock in order and his powder dry."

DECEMBER.—"Russia and France cast a wistful eye on London, particularly the Exchequer; Ireland now feels a buoyant spirit within her, since her great father has been well whipped by a stronger Power: there is now a certainty of Ireland's triumph, after a week of centuries' torture by those in the service of the red dragon."

THE AMOUNT OF "PROPHECY" in the above, does not seem at all commensurate with the amount of bitterness. The book, it is stated, was sold with great caution, in order to keep it out of the hands of any others than the press. It is not very wonderful that the Government should object to the circulation of a work so evidently designed to promote disaffection and an armed rising. The result of the Government prosecution—a simple holding of the publisher "to keep the peace" for seven years, was about as mild a verdict as could have been expected.

THE PROBABILITY of a revolution in Italy is said to be considerably lessened by the presence of a large reinforcement of Austrian soldiers. Another fruitless rebellion of the Italians, we hope never to see. That any rebellion against Austria, which should be unsupported by France, or some other of the great Powers, would be fruitless, is almost certain.

And even if France should aid Italy, unless it were a free France, it is not probable that Italy would gain much, by throwing off her present rulers—for it would be simply an exchange of masters. So it seems to us. And yet every people must be allowed to be the best judges in their own case—and some chains are so heavy and galling, that it is better to disentangle them when you are alone some day. Do not stop a moment to think, or you are lost. It matters little what you say—women have an instinctive perception of the meaning of your confused words. Do not fall on your knees, however—that practice went out when straits came into fashion, and has not been revived since straits went out again. The awkwardness of tearing your trowsers on such occasions, is never to be risked—being almost equivalent a rejection. One hint more—not do not act towards your angel as if she were an angel, but as if she were simply a dainty piece of flesh and blood, made—and conscious to the very tips of her fingers and toes of being so made—to be wooed and won. Some lovers, through natural modesty, so enthrone their lady loves that they will scarcely speak to them in a short time. It is the "very error of the moon."

SHREWD.—It is an easy matter to tell whether grain will rise or fall. We are the very "party" who can tell you all about it—much better than the fortune-tellers. Our plan is derived from a work published by one Gervase Markham, who lived in the 17th century, when people were so much wiser in all affairs of witchcraft than they are now. It is as follows:—If you would know whether corn shall be cheap or dear, take twelve principal graywicks of Wheats out of the strength of the ear, upon the 1st day of January, and when the bark of your chimney is most hot, sweep it clean, then make a stranger lay one of those graywicks on the earth, then mark it well, and if it leaps a little, corn shall be reasonably cheap, but if it leaps much, then corn shall be exceeding cheap, but if it shall not move at all, the price of corn shall stand, and continue still for that month, and thus you shall use your twelve

## LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

CLEVELAND, JAN. 24th, 1859.

*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*

words, we suspect, and awkwardly filled up the gap with the lines about the rain and the window, but, saving these earthly reminders, the poem is pure fairy, and is sung in Fairyland to the honor of the sumptuous lilies, in multitudinous and uporous chorus. Cannot our readers hear the melodious song of elfin voices, and the golden Bray of the instruments, pouring forth this triumphant pean to the lilies' praise?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) opens with a downright woman's rights article, brimful of pungent wit and recondite learning. Rev. Mr. Higginson of Worcester is undoubtedly the author. There is matter for a laugh in the following curious citation, which occurs after a sketch of the frightful consequences resulting from allowing women to learn the alphabet:

"It is true that Eve ruined us all, according to theology, without knowing her letters. Still there is something to be said in defense of that venerable ancestress. The Venerable lady, Isotta Nogarola, five hundred and thirty-six of whose learned letters were preserved by De Thou, composed a dialogue on the question, Whether Adam or Eve had committed the greater sin?" But Ludovicus Donnenchi, in his "Dialogue on the Nobleness of Women," maintains that Eve did not sin at all, because she was not even created when Adam was told not to eat the apple. It is 'In Adam all died,' he shrewdly says; nobody died in Eve;—which looks plausible."

Highly ingenious, too, in Signor Donnenchi! The rest of the "Atlantic" this month is as good and various as usual.

THE STATE OF THE IMPENITENT DEAD, by ALVAN HOYER, D.D., (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is an essay read before the Baptist ministers of Massachusetts at Worcester, in 1858. It excited much attention at the time among the members of the conference. The ground taken is that unbelievers—"those who reject Christ"—are to suffer endless torment hereafter.

LE CARNIER DES FEMMES, by GEORGES GERARD, A.M., (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is a volume in French, of the charming and witty fairy tales of Charles Perrault and Madame de Beaumont, designed as a book of recreative readings for the use of students in the French language.

SALVATION BY CHRIST, by FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is a volume of religious discourses, the ability of which may be inferred from the wide reputation of the author.

CHRISTIAN MORALS, by JAMES CHALLEN, (James Challen & Son, Philadelphia,) is a treatise on ethics in their relation to the every-day affairs of life.

CAUSE OF THE FIRST MURDER.—We are informed in Sacred History, that Cain slew Abel because of the preference shown to the sacrifice of the latter; but we have no intimation given us of the reason for that preference. There is, however, an Oriental Tradition still extant, which accounts for it in this wise. It says that Cain and Abel, having each of them a twin sister, as soon as they all became marriageable, Adam proposed to them, that Cain should marry the twin sister of Abel, and Abel the twin sister of Cain; as their circumstances obliged them to marry their sisters, it was proper that they should marry those that were seemingly the least related to them. To this proposal Cain would not agree, and insisted on having his own twin sister, because she was fairer than the other. Adam, displeased at his disobedience, referred the dispute to the decision of the Lord; ordered his sons to bring each an offering before him; and told them that the offering which had the preference would be a declaration in favor of him who presented it. On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain, stimulated by jealousy and resentment, as soon as they came down from the Mount where they had been sacrificing, fell upon his brother and slew him.

It is a sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
*Shakespeare.*

207 Q. What foreign institution does starting a jury approach the nearest to?  
A. The Diet of Hungary.—*Pausch.*

208 He who, with talents capable of being employed in the service of others, sits down with views that centre solely in himself, and neglects to employ them further than his own necessities require, is guilty of a breach of trust, for which he must one day be accounted.

209 TIME LOST, MONEY LOST.—Montaigne, the great French writer, on one occasion, set down in his book of expenses:—"Item, for a fit of laziness, one thousand pounds."

210 Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange rice in it.

Doctor—Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy, who has been there—Doctor's a nice man, I'll give it all to the doctor.

211 Of him that hopes to be forgiven; it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.—*Johnson.*

212 MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.—Never refuse assistance to a friend in distress, unless you are quite sure that you will never be in a position to require his aid in return, or if you are, that you won't get it.

213 Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-wolf, we emerge from the inane; haste stormily across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the harshest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? Oh, heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, and from God and to God.—*Carlyle.*

214 Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us.—*Lord Bacon.*

Protector, and struck the hour when he burst like a whirlwind upon the Long Parliament, and swept it out before him. It struck the hour of his death—the hour of Charles's accession—of his death, of the accession of James, of his uncrowning, and quietly ticked away the reigns of William and Anne and the Georges. Crossing the Atlantic, it ticked through our Revolution, and marked off the moments, and sounded the last hours of half a dozen generations.

When this old clock was new, John Milton and Andrew Marvell were living. It ticked out the grand moment when the one in his poverty rejected a royal bribe,—and the grander moment when from the lips of the other burst the first line of "*Paradise Lost*." It marked the last, slow sad moments of that sublime and darkened post-life, and sounded the triumphant hour when the we, and want, and weariness, and blind groping of his mortal life were past, when the immortal rest and recompense were won, and he stood in the unquenchable light of God.

Haunted or not, I would the old clock were mine! I would hang it on the wall of my chamber, and let it talk to me of the past, when it would—strike and tick when it chose, or abide "in the quiet," and let the history of two centuries and two continents look out upon me, through its hard, dumb face.

Speaking of the past, reminds me that another link between us and it is gone. The sister of Robert Burns is dead. When I was in Scotland, six years ago, and visiting Alloway, I called at Mrs. Beggs's little rose-embowered cottage, and spent an hour or so with her. She was a very bright, young-looking woman for her age, with large, dark eyes, which reminded me at once of the descriptions I had read of the glorious eyes of the poet. She talked of her brother with an earnest enthusiasm, which was a beautiful mingling of pride and sadness. The sight of her, the sound of her voice, produced a strange effect upon me. He seemed looking through her eyes, and speaking through her lips. Well, she has joined him now, and told him how the tardy gratitude and admiration of the world has made of his grave, of his birth-place, of all the dear old places endeared to them both, pilgrim shrines, and that, for his sake, her last days were made better than her first, and her children cared for. She has told him, ere this, how his songs have become a part of the very life of his country, its lyrical laughter and tears, sorrows and exultations, passions and prayers.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

## THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

At the Burns celebration in Boston, the following poem was read by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":—

POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

January 25, 1859.

His birthday. Nay, we need not speak  
The name each heart is beating,  
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek  
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide,  
One surge of wild emotion.

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Each glistening eye and flushing cheek  
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We come in one tumult

## HOPE'S CRUCIFIXION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gulgotha's cross is reared in many a heart,  
And oft thence a scourged Hope doth smart  
With direst agony:

Yet we may bring no healing Gilthead balm,  
Nor breathe those words which should compose  
and calm

In life's extremity

Oh, let, beyond all other lots accurst,  
To watch the loved lips cauterize with hot thirst—  
A thirst than death more dread—

And he, while "water" is the husky cry,  
Compelled to even this sweet gift deny,  
And offer gall instead

They art a fierce inquisitor, oh, World,  
Even when Life's tattered flag at last is furled—  
"Enough" they do not say.

But yet profanely must approach our dead,  
With rude hands smiting the defenseless head,  
Mocking the rayless eye.

Then Hope is buried in the vault of night,  
So bruised, so maimed, we scarcely dare to write  
*Resurgens* on her tomb.

Yet long, long after, in the hushed dream hours,

Her spirit haunts the heart's corridors.

Star-like amid the gloom.

Pittsburg. ELEANOR BERESFORD

## GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY  
LAST CRUISE."

My last sketch left us getting up steam preparatory to leaving the Japanese port of Nagasaki for that of Simoda—distant five hundred miles to the north-east. We had a pleasant run of between two and three days, and anchored on the 25th of July, 1858, in our half-sheltered port of destination. It is now the 5th of August, and we are again underway—steaming back to Nagasaki, and thence to Shanghai, China, where we shall meet the mail. The events, &c., of the past ten days being full of interest I wish to devote this and the following article to them.

In case the reader should not already be aware of the fact, I will first remark that in the year 1855 the government of the United States, in consequence of a provision of the treaty concluded by Commodore Perry at Kanagawa in the year previous, sent a Consul-general to reside at the port of Simoda. The name of this gentleman was Townsend Harris, that of his secretary Henry Heukens, and they were taken to Simoda by the United States steamer San Jacinto. Upon their arrival the Japanese evinced no desire to have them remain, but, on the contrary, endeavored to drive them away by several most ingenious devices. One of these was contained in the following words:

"We acknowledge your perfect right to reside among us, but, unfortunately, we have at present no house ready to receive a person of your rank. Go away, therefore, and return again at the end of a year, when we will have everything ready to accommodate you in a style that will be more in keeping with your elevated position."

Mr. Harris, however, had lived too long in the East to permit himself to be thus weathered by their cunning, and so replied that he would be content to put up with the most ordinary shelter until such time as they should be able to accommodate him with a proper building. He ended the argument by expressing his determination of landing that very night, and desired that a person of rank might receive him at the beach and conduct him to the quarters—no matter how unpretending—that would doubtless be assigned him.

The results of this conciliatory, but at the same time firm bearing, were of the most happy nature. Upon landing he was received by an officer of rank, who, with great politeness, conducted him to a large temple situated upon a slight eminence back of the beach, having immediately in its rear a densely wooded hill-side, and being fronted by a large yard, over which were spread the wide arms of several large oaks. The level of this yard was reached by a flight of massive stone steps, and once there one was entirely removed from the noise and confusion of the lower town. A more beautiful residence could hardly have been furnished him had the Japanese had a king to house, and years to do it in. There was one thing, however, which grated unpleasantly upon the republican ideas of our Consul-general. The Japanese had indeed given him a fine house, but they had, at the same time, filled its outbuildings with officials, whose only duty seemed to be to smoke their small pipes, drink their green tea, and make notes of his every movement. It was this system of espionage which grated unpleasantly upon his republican feelings, and he at once determined to make it done away with.

"Why am I constantly watched?" he asked, "I am a government official, not a suspicious vagrant." "These officers are only furnished you as a body guard," was the soothing reply.

"Well! I do not want a guard. If they are not withdrawn, and my movements left untrammelled, I can but consider myself an your prisoner, (the San Jacinto had left in the meantime,) and shall accordingly haul down my flag, and inform my government of the fact."

"Oh, no!" replied the Japanese. "You are not our prisoner! You are our very good friend!"

Of course the guard was withdrawn at once, and it is now a received fact that Mr. Harris exercises more influence at the Court of Yedo than any previous resident foreigner. Thus began the first Americans, indeed the first foreigners for nearly three centuries, to reside in Japan.

At first their time passed dryly enough. Long walks, and books, and a growing intercourse with the local authorities, comprising their list of amusements. At the end of a few months, however, an application which they had made for permission to visit Yedo was granted, and preparations for the journey at once commenced. Having once given the (to others oft refused) permission, the Emperor

seemed determined that nothing else should be wanting. He ordered a large sedan chair to be made, so large that one could recline at full length, fitted up in the most luxurious style, put it on the shoulders of twelve strong men, detailed twenty-four others to relieve them by turns when they should be tired, surrounded it by a guard of honor of one hundred soldiers, and then sent it from Yedo across the mountains to Simoda as an imperial present to his "good friend, the American Consul-General."

He also divided the mountainous route into seven daily stages, at the end of each of which he caused to be built a comfortable house to repose him in after each day's travel. It was further ordered that he be received everywhere with the respect extended to a prince of the empire. Thus, in seven pleasant rides, went the two Americans from Simoda to Yedo. Speaking of Simoda reminds me of an incident in regard to it which has only lately become known, and which I shall stop to relate, as it will throw a ray of light upon the construction of the government.

When Commodore Perry asked for Simoda as one of the ports to be opened to our commerce, the Japanese objected, and urged upon him some other selection. He remaining firm, however, they finally consented, and it was in due time visited by our ships. Now after the lapse of several years appears the reason why they objected to that particular port. It belonged to the Prince of Idzu, not to the Emperor, and the latter could not therefore dispose of it. It seems that ninety-nine out of the hundred parts of Japan are owned by the princes, while only about the remaining one hundredth part pertains to the government. Thus if the latter wishes to build a fortification or other public work upon land belonging to a prince, it must first purchase it. Thus when Commodore Perry insisted upon having Simoda, it could not be granted him until the Prince of Idzu should consent to sell it. Thus became the Prince of Idzu one of the commissioners appointed to meet Commodore Perry.

Mr. Harris was so much pleased with his first visit to the Emperor that he made a second, and was of a third when we arrived. He had altogether passed about five months in Yedo, he told us; had been quartered in a large palace surrounded by a heavy stone wall, entertained in the most hospitable manner by the princes, received by the Emperor, and watched curiously by every one else. One of these princes (Chinano-no-Kami, Prince of Chosho), was particularly friendly, and being a man of large wealth, spared neither pains nor money to secure him a pleasant time. It being against Japanese etiquette for great people to attend the theatres, he got up a series of private theatres for him at his palace, during which some most astonishing feats of jugglery were performed. I will end this article by speaking of some of those feats—Mr. H.'s word being my authority.

There was one man who took a four square piece of iron twenty-three inches long and five-eighths through, and who, after lubricating it well with saliva, straightened himself up and passed it down his throat until only one inch was left outside of his mouth. At the end of a few moments he drew it quickly forth, wiped it carefully, and rolled it up in a clean linen cloth. The same performer threw an egg ten or twelve feet in the air, and caught it upon the flat of a shingle so expertly that the shell remained unbroken. Another of the party threw half a dozen paper butterflies into the air, and caused them to fly gracefully about his head, and simply by the creation of gentle currents of air with an ordinary fan which he held in his right hand. This, Mr. Harris said, was truly a most remarkable feat. The movements of the butterflies were most life-like, and they were turned in any and every direction by the magic fan. He was asked to designate some spot where he would like one to alight, and mentioned the man's head. Immediately one of them hovered toward the well-shaved crown, and after a moment of apparent hesitation, rested upon it.

Where would you like others to alight?" was now asked.

"Let one go on each ear," was the reply, and a moment later it was complied with.

"Now stop your fan an instant," next said Mr. H.

The fan stopped, and down tumbled the flies like any other pieces of paper falling through the air.

Reader, I suppose that you, like I, would like to see all this for yourself. But Mr. H. is a man whose account of it cannot be questioned. He also told us of another greatfeat, known to the Japanese as "the top dance." A man spun his top upon the ground, caught it up in the palm of his hand, and thence transferred it to the edge of a sword. Now dropping slightly the point of the weapon, the revolving top moved slowly along the edge, until at the very extreme, and then returned with the same ease toward the hilt, as that was in turn depressed. Then he turned the sword slowly, and as he turned, the top worked up slowly upon the back, after which it soon ceased revolving, and fell into his hand. Again he spun it in the air, and as it spun (he retaining the end of the string in his right hand), it wound itself up again ready for another cast. Spinning it yet again, it this time deliberately climbed a pole, upon the top of which was perched a small house, opened (knocked in) the door, and disappeared. I suppose the reader will like to see this also, and, to tell the truth, I must own to a similar weakness.

At the same time, it was undoubtedly witnessed by our Consul.

I once asked Mr. Nishi Kichisuro, the Governor's chief interpreter at Nagasaki, if there were a great many of these jugglers in Japan, and if they ever made money and became persons of importance. He replied that they were to be found everywhere that they were, in fact, plentiful that their feats excited surprise only in children, and that consequently their receipts were trivial. I then asked him if he knew how far back their existence could be traced, to which he replied, no.

"Have you no historical or other books which would tell us?" I next inquired.

At this he looked very grave, replying cautiously that Japan had no history.

This singular assertion in regard to a nation which has a written language, caused me to

inquire further, and the result of these inquiries was the following interesting piece of information. I received it from the Dutch gentlemen residing at Nagasaki:

It seems that when the Roman Catholic missionaries gained a footing in this country, some three hundred years since, they, among other things, made great efforts to collect, and put into a connected form, everything relating to its past history. When, therefore, they were shortly after expelled for conspiring to bring the whole nation within the fold of their church, their embryo history was not only destroyed with them, but an imperial edict was issued to the effect that no future history of Japan should be written by any one. Our Dutch friends informed me that there were probably more than one incomplete history in the various libraries of the independent princes, but that if such were the case, the thing was kept very quiet. It is greatly to be hoped that as this century of progress and improvement grows older, their policy may become more liberal, and some of these dusty volumes gain courage to open their pages to a curious and ever-inquiring world. The ice of Japan was broken four years since—it now remains to be seen how far the crack will extend.

July 19.—My dear Aunt Mary's birthday.

I am always much perplexed how to act upon this occasion; for she is blessed with wealth, and it is my duty to my children to neglect no lawful means of pleasing her; but then she is occasionally liable to be easily influenced by the worldly family of my cousin Walter, and might so alienate her property that I should have thrown away the seed I had sought to sow.—Happily, a middle way was shown to me. A client who had deposited with me a large sum for it, and I presented it to my beloved relative. If it be worthless, the blame be with him who sold it to me; but I am unlearned in such things, and it looks impudently. May it providentially prosper my cause!

Aug. 22.—My dear niece Alice's birthday.

Ungrudgingly, in early days, when one does not feel the responsibilities of life as one should do, I assented to become godfather to my dear brother Charles' eldest child. Custom has grown up between us that I should always present my first born with some token on her natal day. And heaven forbid that I should break that pleasant compact, so long as circumstances make it right to maintain it. But I have observed with regret certain indications that Charles has not the same command of money that he had; and as he stands in sponsor relation to my little Polly, he might be induced, in making a present to her, to exceed his means in order to equal my gift to dear Alice. So, with reluctance, restricted myself to a silver thimble for her. May her industry be blessed!

Sept. 4th.—My dear mother-in-law's birthday. Consulted with my Maria upon the subject of showing her any attention, which I should naturally be glad to do, but that there are duties of self respect we owe to ourselves. My dear wife was entirely opposed to my presenting Mrs. Blabber with anything. It would appear that she is divesting herself of many articles which might naturally be expected to come to us, or to ours. Many choice books have been given to her godson, William, two China jars, liked by Maria, have gone to Hester Brown, and the newly married Sparrows have it, seems, promise of the rosewood table. Still, we must not be small or spiteful, and as we may yet save something by being on good terms with my dear wife's mother, I decided on giving her the large print prayer book, which I found so unaccountable in my carpet bag, after teaching at the Birmingham Hotel. May its teaching do her good!

Oct. 25.—My dear daughter Eleanor's birthday. She called on us with her husband, whose business on the stock exchange prospered, and who is every way worthy of the dear treasure I have confided to him. Samuel seems to have been lucky in this bargain, and indeed time is ever blessed to those who know the value of it. He is perfectly able to present dear Nelly with any elegancies or comforts which she may require, and there is no wisdom in expending money needlessly. So I playfully taxed her with having come to us to-day in the hope of getting a present, as when she was a little girl, at which I thought she showed some irritation, and therefore I told her, that to punish her, her husband should have the gift, not she, and I gave him some shares in a railway I am promoting. May it be privileged!

Nov. 12.—My dear sister Adelaide's birthday. This vale of life is thickly set with thorns, and few of us escape them. Dear Maria is continuously dissatisfied that I feel it right not to let a sister's love and faithfulness go unmarked, and a bracelet which I once bestowed on Adelaide has often been a matter of reproach. Yet did either Maria or Adelaide know that I found that bracelet, dropped in my office by an unworthy female client who is transported, neither would grudge it to the other. To-day we had an alteration. Maria having a fatal memory for dates, and I was asked how much I had laid out on my precious sister. Reproved Maria with severity and left her in tears. It was not for me to tell her that Adelaide knows more of certain past transactions than I could desire the world to know. Called on dear Adelaide, and gave her aunt Betty's garnets, on the understanding she got them reset, and was silent on the subject. May they prove beneficial.

April 9.—My dear and worthy partner, Stoggin's birthday. He has been with me for many, many years, and from his having been a faithful and attached clerk, I raised him to his present condition of partner, nominally, it is true, as regards profits, but with the advantage of associating with me on equal terms (though I cannot censure him—why should I? good fellow!) of the respectful "Sir") and of knowing that in that little word, Co., is embraced, though the world is not to know it, the word Stoggins. Our trusty arts are those we look up in our own breasts, and I am sure I do not grudge him this. Having bought myself a new penit case I presented him with my old one, which, if he repairs, it will serve him well, and he was pleased to see I remembered the day. May he long be spared to serve me!

May 16.—My dear old mother's birthday. Gladly would I have made her a costly present, but that as she is entirely taken off my hands by my brother-in-law, and whose means are not very large, it would perhaps cause ill-will comparisons to his disadvantage, did I lay out any large sum in testimony of my love and affection. Nor would she wish it, with her sense of family duty, nor having nothing to leave for my children in return for what their father's liberality might take from them. Yet I thought of a silver vase, or Sevres ornament, to be restored to us when my beloved parent's interest in subsidiary things should cease; but I have not, alas! that confidence in Jane's honor that would make me certain of the restoration, and dear to me, but had been able to show them kindness and generosity. Having intimated to Maria that there was necessity for my sleeping in town, I was undisturbed by the thought of having to move, and I must have dosed into the New Year. May it be a happy one!

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A FROST SONG.  
TO THE TUNE OF A PAIR OF SKATES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

Draw each strap through the buckle tightly,  
Blocks screwed home to the dapper heel—  
Away! on the iron skates so lightly  
One scarce may the slippery surface feel:  
Aha! for the whirl of our gliding motion,  
With a joyous rush through the wholesome  
breath.

Of which none yonder can form a notion.  
Shivering under the snow-plumed trees.  
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,  
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Not jockey blithe on his blood-mare riding,  
With foot well poised in the stirrup throng;  
Not swiftest swimmer through green wave gliding,  
With nervous wrists and with ankles strong;  
Thus reared on the crest of a steel-blue keel,  
Can twist the sluggish a worn and scandal;

With a twirling whirl and a wheel reel  
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,  
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

With sudden twist on the back-turn flashing,  
True to the metal as round it swerves,  
Thredding the maze of a throng oft clashing.

Carve we some name in elastic curves—  
Some dear name cut on the granite waters

With the rapid gleam of a grinding edge,  
Twining for one of Earth's rosy daughters,  
A lover's knot as our Gordian pledge.

Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,  
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Driven by a force that like fury lashes,

As though we were charging with pike or lance,

Swift—right and left—in alternate dashes,

Then feet together straight on we glance

Till drifting by as in whirlwind eddy

We drift round the Danger pool.

Never slackening our pace, being rarely ready

To halt, upon grating heels, by rule.

Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,  
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

## THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

"Well, if he ain't a grand sight, I never saw one. Why, his head's a stretching all down past here, and his tail's not out of the lodge gates yet!"

The speaker was a country-woman, standing inside the partially-opened door of one of a row of cottages, and peeping out. The doors of all were similarly being peeped through, though the shutters to the windows were closed, and the women and children, who were thus gazing, exhibited signs of having quitted their various household occupations, to look at the passing sight.

The intelligent reader may imagine, by the woman's remark, that some indescribable animal of fabulous length was looming by; but it was nothing of the sort: for the "head" was represented by two solemn mutes, gorgeously apparelled in the blackest of black, and the "tail" by a couple of undertaker's men, equally orthodox to look at; the middle comprised all the paraphernalia of a most extravagant funeral: coaches, horses, plumes, velvet, fringe, batons, attendants, carriers, mourners, ribbons, crapes, white handkerchiefs, and pom-pom and vanity.

"I wonder what he cost now?" continued the woman, in the vernacular of the locality, which did not pay particular regard to genders; "he'll be a sight to remember, he will; and to tell our children on, when we grow old."

"Ah, she have done the thing handsome, she have; she haven't spared no money," replied the matron at the contiguous door, to whom the observations had been made.

"No more she oughtn't to spare it," retorted the first, in an indignant tone: "ain't it the last money he'll cost her?"

"Keep the monument over his grave in the church. I dare say they'll put him up a brave one, from the flagstones to the roof. But I say, what was up as it were put off from yesterday till to-day? It were to have been yesterday."

"Some relation of madam's, as were to come from Lunnon for it, and he couldn't get here afore to-day."

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Who's this?"

A gentlemanly-looking man, betraying something of military air, had been walking up the road, and halted close to the women, to gaze at the passing procession. He was a stranger.

"Whose funeral is that?" he inquired of one of them.

"Mr. Canterbury's, sir," both replied at once. "Mr. Canterbury's, of the Rock."

"A magnificent funeral. He must have been a man of some note."

"The richest gentleman for miles round, sir," answered the woman whose tongue was the loudest. "He were our landlord."

"Ah," returned the stranger, glancing down the row of cottages. "that explains why you are all shut up."

"There's not a house on the estate, sir, poor or rich, but what's shut close to-day. He has been took off sudden, like, at last; and not to say an old man either; three weeks he were ill."

"Does he leave a family?"

"He leaves a young wife and a child. His second wife, she were, and quite a baby by the side of him. His own daughters, sir, was years older than she were."

"And it's she and her child as gets all his big fortune," interrupted the other woman, jealous that the first should have the best of the talking. "The Miss Canberrys have been nobody with their father since he brought home his young wife, and they had to leave the Rock and live away. Good ladies they be!"

"Are there many daughters?" asked the stranger, who appeared to listen with interest.

"Four, sir; two married and two— There, sir, look, look! In that shiny black coach-

and six, what's a passing now, there's a gentleman a sitting forward; you can see him well through the glass."

"What of him?" inquired the listener, wondering at the sudden abruptness of the woman.

"Why, sir, he's the husband of one of the young ladies, that's why I showed him to you. It's Mr. Rufort, Lord Rufort's son, and he married Miss Jane. He's our rector, but another gentleman's to buy Mr. Canterbury, and Mr. Rufort goes as a mourner. There! in that next shiny coach, that old gentleman with gray hair, a sitting bolt upright, that's Lord Rufort. It's just the way he sits his horse, and never bends his head one way nor the other. The young ladies have not been west up since their father's illness, all but Mrs. Rufort, and she was ill and couldn't leave the rectory. Mrs. Kage went up, too, she did; and she stopped there."

"Who is Mrs. Kage?"

"She's young Mrs. Canterbury's mother, sir. Her father was a lord, too, and she ran away from home, when she was a girl, to marry Captain Kage, and it's said the old lord never forgave her. He's never left her no money, that's certain, and they were as poor as anybody till Miss Kage picked up Mr. Canterbury. It's known her mother put her on to the match."

"A match worth putting her on to," by all account," remarked the gentleman, as he turned away.

The procession moved on to the church; and when the poor worthless body it had escorted was consigned to its kindred dust, the procession moved back again. A very few of the immediate connexions of the deceased entered the Rock; the rest left the mourning coaches for their private carriages, and were driven off to their respective homes.

Those who entered the Rock were three, and Mr. Norris, the family solicitor, made four. Mr. Carlton, of the Hall, who was no relative; the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort, and Thomas Kage. All these were marshalled by Mr. Norris into the room where the family had assembled; Mrs. Canterbury and her mother; and the two Miss Canberrys, who had gone to the Rock that morning. Mrs. Canterbury, young and lovely in her widow's cap and her heavy black robes, sat with her boy on her knee; she had taken a whim to have him brought to her.

Mr. Norris proceeded to read the will; nearly the whole of the property, some eight or ten thousand a year, was bequeathed to Mrs. Canterbury and her child, to the exclusion of Mr. Canterbury's daughters by his first wife. "And I appoint Thomas Kage sole executor."

This last sentence, read with emphasis by Mr. Norris, was heard with surprise by several in the room, and with the most intense surprise by Thomas Kage himself. He was a little man, with a pleasant, truthful countenance, and bright dark eyes. He looked up in unfeigned amazement, and the color came flushing into his face. Mr. Norris ceased reading, and silence fell on the room.

"Would any one present wish to look at the will?" Mr. Norris inquired, holding it up.

"Oh, dear no," murmured Mrs. Kage, in her simpering, affected voice, as she fanned herself with a great black fan, and sprinkled some essence on the floor. "You can put it up, Mr. Norris."

Perhaps the lawyer deemed that the Honorable Mrs. Kage did not represent the interests of the whole company, for he held it out still, and glanced at Mr. Rufort. But Mr. Rufort answered by a bow of denial.

"There is no more to be seen than you have read, Norris, and our seeing it would not alter it," observed the plain-speaking Mr. Carlton. "My dears," he added, walking up to the two Miss Canberrys, "is it your wish to look at it?"

"To what end—as you observe," replied Miss Canterbury. "No."

Mr. Rufort rose, as if to leave. Mrs. Kage, who assumed a great deal of authority at the Rock, though cloaked under a display of ridiculous inertness, addressed him.

"My dear Mr. Rufort, you are not going!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Rufort's indisposition prevents me. Olive, shall I take charge of you and Millicent?" he continued in a low tone to Miss Canterbury.

Miss Canterbury's reply was to rise and put her arm within his.

"We will also wish you good-day, Mrs. Canterbury."

"Dear me, how very unsocial!" broke in Mrs. Kage, as she had recourse to her smelling-salts. "We thought you would all have stayed with us, dearest Miss Canterbury."

"Olive!" interrupted Mrs. Canterbury, in a half hesitating voice, "we shall be happy if you remain. Do not bear malice."

"Malice!" returned Miss Canterbury, and the woman was certainly free from it; "we do not bear any; you are mistaken if you think so. To-day is nota day for the indulgence of malice, Mrs. Canterbury."

"At least say farewell in cordiality."

Mrs. Canterbury put out her hand, and Olive took it. Olive then stooped and kissed the child, her young half-brother, a gentle little fellow two years old. It was no doing of the child's, and Olive Canterbury was too just to visit ill-feeling upon him. Millicent also kissed him, and followed her sister and Mr. Rufort from the room.

"Perhaps it is not," he returned, "but the conversation arose with circumstances; neither of us entered upon it with pre-dilection. We will resume it to-morrow, Caroline; and by that time I shall have reflected whether or not I will act."

"No," dissented Mrs. Canterbury; "if you chose to take till to-morrow to decide whether you will perform the part of a friend to me and this fatherless babe, you must do so, but if you have more to say on this point, say it now, for not another word will I listen to you."

"Not now; you have reminded me that to-day should be sacred."

"Now or never," she impetuously said, "it shall be for the last time."

"Then repair the injustice of the will," proceeded Mr. Kage. "Entirely you cannot; in a

measure you may; continue to the Miss Canberrys the income hitherto allowed them by their father. And should this little fellow ever be taken from you," he added, laying his hand on the child's head, "repair it effectually, by giving up to them a fitting share of their father's fortune."

Mrs. Canterbury had opened her eyes very wide, astonishment driving away her tears.

"The income allowed to them was fifteen hundred a year?" she interrupted.

"I know it."

"And mine will not be much more than four thousand—including what I am to receive as personal guardian to the child; allow them fifteen hundred a year out of it, did you mean that?" she reiterated, unable to overcome the surprise at the proposition.

"It is what I should do, Caroline."

The young widow tossed her head with a trace of her old impetuosity.

"I would not so insult my husband's memory as to render his act null and void. He did as he thought well, and I shall abide by it."

"Then you will not repair the injustice inflicted on the Miss Canberrys?"

"No, I will not—if you mean that giving them my inheritance would do it. But I do not recognize the will as unjust."

She stepped, mincing, from the room. Mrs. Canterbury looked hard at her cousin; was it his marked expression of severity, cast towards her, which had caused her to "feel petulant?"

"Thomas, you are angry with me. What is the matter?"

"Whose business was it to make me executor to this will?" he uttered.

"Mr. Canterbury was, I think, the first to propose it, and I and mamma gladly acquiesced; there is no one I could like for it half so well as you."

"You ought to have assured yourself first whether I was willing to act."

"Would you have refused?" she quickly said.

"Yes. As others had already done."

"Others had not," she returned. "Only one had refused: Mr. Carlton. My husband asked no one else."

"I wish he had asked me. I feel this as a blow."

"You had better decline to act now," she reluctantly rejoined.

"Such was my decision when the announcement came from the lawyer's lips. 'I will not,' I will proclaim publicly that I will have nothing to do with it,' were the thoughts that rose within me."

"You do not care what becomes of me or my interests."

"I am anxious for your best interests, Caroline; and, if I do consent to act, it will be at a cost that I would not encounter for any one else."

"What cost?" she exclaimed.

"The periling of my good name, and the coupling it with reproach and injustice. This is a will that must have censures cast upon it far and wide; what has hitherto been a mark for private scandal in its confined locality, henceforth becomes public, and the world will vie in hurling scorn at it."

"We know what the world's scorn is worth," she slightly interrupted.

"Ay, Caroline; but I spoke of the scorn of good men. I, as your cousin and the sole executor of the will, cannot hope to escape; complicity is the least dark reproach that will be thrown at me. It has already begun; when Miss Canterbury and her sister bowed to me on quitting the room, and when Mr. Carlton followed with his marked words, I felt like a guilty accomplice, conscious that I was so often before."

"There is whence the cause of her refusal may have come," remarked Mr. Kage. "You had tired her out."

"But one with her wealth has no right to be buried," argued the ex-captain. "Where's the use of rich relations, unless they shell out their money?"

Mr. Kage laughed.

"I look upon a rich relative as the greatest misfortune a fellow can be hampered with," continued Mr. Dawkes, "especially if she's an old maid and got no children. Where can she bestow her tin, but upon you? you naturally argue, and of course you go on extenuating the strength of it. But for this and mine, I should have turned out as sober as a Quaker. I have written her fifteen pathetic letters since my rustication, and not one has elicited a reply. I came out strong in the one that went up yesterday, enlarging upon a tempting stream hard by, which looked frighteningly like a soothing solace for griefs and sorrows: I paid three pence at the library for a novel to compose it from, and as she's a rightly religious woman, I expect its effect will be an answer despatched, flying on the wings of Ceres, to prevent the hinted at catastrophe. What brings you to this part of the country, Kage?"

"I came to attend the funeral of a friend," "Oh, that's it! I see you are in fresh mourning and a cap on your hat. I hope it was a maiden relative, overdone with tin."

"No, it was Mr. Canterbury, of the Rock."

"That fine funeral! what a sight it was! I thought it must have been a duke royal's till I heard the name. He leaves hundreds of thousands, does he not?"

"Not to me, Mrs. Kage. Have you seen much of the scenery round about here? It is very beautiful."

"What do I care for scenery? if it were gold mines, I might look at it. People are saying his will is an unjust one."

"Very unjust," replied Thomas Kage. "Mr. Canterbury has left his large fortune to his wife and son, to the exclusion of his daughters."

"She is well tied-up, of course, the wife!"

"She is not tied-up at all; and if the boy should die, the whole fortune reverts to her absolutely. The good old notions of right and wrong seem to be out of fashion, now-a-days."

"Completely so," assented Mr. Dawkes, "witness my selfish old aunt."

"And now I must leave you," said Thomas Kage, "for this is the rectory."

He went in his card and was admitted. Mrs. Rufort,

Canterbury alone was in an overflow of spirits. By ten o'clock, the two dinner guests had left, and Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone. She caused the chess-table to be brought forward, and set out the men.

"You will play, Tom, will you not?"

He drew the chair up and commenced the game. In five minutes Mrs. Canterbury had checkmated him. He began to put the pieces up.

"But will you not play again?" she asked.

"Not to-night. My thoughts are elsewhere."

He finished his employment, pushed the table back, and dropped into a musing attitude. Mrs. Canterbury glanced at him, as she played with the trinkets that were hanging from her chain. "Is anything the matter, Thomas?" You have been as solemn as a judge all the evening."

"Is it true," he abruptly said, "that you are likely to marry Dawkes?"

"My goodness! what put that in your head?"

"Is it true, Caroline?" he more sadly repeated.

"No; it is not. But why can't people keep their mischief-making tongues to themselves?"

He did not put absolute faith in her denial. "It was imprudent, Caroline, to allow a stranger, of whom you know nothing, to become so intimate here."

"Mamma has been setting you on to say this!"

He shook his head. "Let me tell you what I know of Dawkes. He has been a wild, gay man, up to his ears in debt and embarrassment; when he came to this neighbourhood it was to be safe from his creditors. Now, Caroline, reflect for one moment—to such a man as this, what a temptation a fortune like yours must hold out!"

"How do you know he is free from it?"

"Of course he is. He lives here openly, and seems to have plenty of money."

"He may have paid his debts; he may have plenty of money now; I do not know that it is not so, and you do not know that it is. But—"

"What a shame it is people can't mind their own business!" interrupted Mrs. Canterbury. "Captain Dawkes's having been in debt, ought not to tell against him, now he is free from it."

"How do you know he is free from it?"

"Of course he is. He lives here openly, and seems to have plenty of money."

"He may have paid his debts; he may have plenty of money now; I do not know that it is not so, and you do not know that it is. But—"

"Answer me one thing," she said: "when you urged me to induce Mr. Canterbury to make a more equitable will, and leave me less, was this your motive?"

"No!" he earnestly answered, "I spoke only from a love of justice—I wished you to be just, I wished you to retain the good opinion of men. From the day of your marriage with Mr. Canterbury, I have never thought of you as lost to me; and I school'd my heart to bear."

Recollection, remorse, grief were telling upon her. She shrank as she stood, and turned to lay hold of something by which to steady herself. He could but walk across the rug to support her. "I suffered then as you are doing now," he whispered.

"Then you really do care for my happiness?"

"I have never cared for any one's so much in life. You knew it once, Caroline."

Mrs. Canterbury had risen and was standing with her elbow on the mantelpiece, and the red glow of the fire descended to crimson the blushing on her cheeks. Or had they descended of themselves? any way, they were rich and beautiful. Thomas Kage thought so as he stood close to her, far too innocent and beautiful to be thrown away on Barnaby Dawkes.

"I thought it once," she hesitatingly said, "until—"

"Until when?"

"Until I married. But it was all over then."

"Not so: I am anxious for it still, and wish you would try and let me guide you to it."

"How would you begin?" she merrily said.

"First of all, you should break off the intimacy with Dawkes—How was it brought about?" he interrupted himself to ask.

"It began by his taking a fancy for my boy. He made acquaintance with him and his nurse in their walks, and the child grew so attached to him, nothing was ever like it. How could I help being civil to one who is so fond of my child?"

"Let there be truth between us, Caroline," he interrupted, in a pained tone.

"I am telling you truth—I will tell you all. I care nothing for Captain Dawkes, and I only like him because he loves the boy. But he has grown to like me in a different way," she added, "and last week he asked me to become his wife."

"What was your answer?"

"That I would not; and it was a very decided 'would not,' admitting no hope. But he still comes here. It would kill him to separate from the child, he said: whether he still hopes to make an impression on me, is his look-out: I don't know, and don't care."

"Then you do not love him, Caroline?"

"No; it is not to him that my love is given."

That time, Caroline, would almost imply that it is given elsewhere. Is it so?"

The flush of crimson in her face was so great that she turned it from him. He took her hand and held it between his.

"Would you have me go through life alone?" she sadly asked. "Why should I not marry again? Some mothers call girls at my age too young for wives. I am not three-and-twenty."

"My dear, I hope you will marry again: only my anxiety is that you should marry for happiness. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Canterbury had burst into tears.

"It is such a lonely life," she whispered: "It has been so lonely all along. I married—you know about it, that I did not care for him—and I found I had grasped the shadow and lost the substance: I tried to carry it off to others and be gay, but there was the aching void ever in my heart. Since I have been free, it has been the same: no real happiness; nothing but a yearning after what I have not. Sometimes hope springs up and pictures a bright future; but it flies away again. I have never," she continued, raising her eyes for a moment, "breathed night of these, my feelings, to man or woman: I could not be any one but you."

## SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAVANA, Dec. 24, 1858.

Mr. Editor—

"Caroline, you are indulging a love-dream! Who is its object?"

She was trembling excessively: he could feel that, as he held her hand, which she had not attempted to remove. Alone with him in that quiet evening hour, her heart full of romance and sentiment, Caroline Canterbury may be forgiven if she betrayed herself. Though she had hotly rejected Thomas Kage to marry a rich man, she had loved him passionately then, and she loved him passionately still.

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"Do not ask me."

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"Need you ask me?"

No, he need not, for in that same moment the scales fell from his own eyes. Her agitated tone, her downcast look, told him what he had certainly not had his thoughts pointed to. He dropped her hand, and went and leaned his own elbow on the mantelpiece, with a flush as rosy as hers.

"Caroline," he whispered, breaking a long silence, "was this your dream?"

She was vexed at having betrayed her feelings, and sobbed hysterically.

He waited.

"It cannot be," he continued to whisper, when calmness came to her. "Whether it might have been, whether the old feelings never have been renewed between us, I have never allowed myself to ask. There is an insuperable barrier."

"In my having left you to marry Mr. Canterbury."

"Mr. Canterbury is gone and has left you free. The barrier lies in his unjust will, in your having inherited, and in my being its executor.

"I do not understand you," she faintly said.

"Our former attachment was known to some. Were I to make you my wife now, who but would say it was a work of complicity, planned between us: the money bequeathed to you, and I the executor! Caroline, were you dear to me as formerly, as perhaps you might become again, I would die of heart-break, rather than marry your money, and so sacrifice my good name."

Her face and lips had turned of a stony white, and her heart felt turning to stone within her.

"Answer me one thing," she said: "when you urged me to induce Mr. Canterbury to make a more equitable will, and leave me less, was this your motive?"

"No!" he earnestly answered, "I spoke only from a love of justice—I wished you to be just, I wished you to retain the good opinion of men. From the day of your marriage with Mr. Canterbury, I have never thought of you as lost to me; and I school'd my heart to bear."

Our first hotel experience was decidedly for the worse.

We entered a hollow square, the first floor of which seemed disposed of to tailors, who were busily employed measuring, cutting, &c., &c. We were invited to mount a flight of stone steps, and shown some rooms which opened on to a corridor. Our room looked wonderfully dungeon-like, but for the night it was being or not. The door looked safe, being a large, double, wooden door, with an iron bar across it—the door was stone—the beds were "cot."

To be sure, to some upright posts were fastened mosquito netting, a very valuable appendage, but there was no matrass, and the "sacking" had to supply all the comfort a sea tossed frame might need. We were soon aware of a strong, musty smell, and looking for ventilation, found a window up towards the ceiling, about a foot square. Imagine two persons shut up in such a place, and expected to get a night's rest. I felt too timid to have the door left open, and was certain I should see fierce Spaniards with scimitars in hand; but the atmosphere was not to be borne, the door must be opened, and so, after making a strong barricade of trunk, wash-stand, chairs, &c., we again made an effort to sleep, and succeeded. In less than a half hour we heard a tremendous racket, our barricade was giving way; there was a loud babbling of Spanish outside, and a considerable excitement within. Soon the intruder discovered that we could speak English, and the "sacking" had to supply all the comfort a sea tossed frame might need. We were soon aware of a strong, musty smell, and looking for ventilation, found a window up towards the ceiling, about a foot square. Imagine two persons shut up in such a place, and expected to get a night's rest. I felt too timid to have the door left open, and was certain I should see fierce Spaniards with scimitars in hand; but the atmosphere was not to be borne, the door must be opened, and so, after making a strong barricade of trunk, wash-stand, chairs, &c., we again made an effort to sleep, and succeeded. In less than a half hour we heard a tremendous racket, our barricade was giving way; there was a loud babbling of Spanish outside, and a considerable excitement within.

As a wife, I have no other alternative. But, Caroline, we can be dear to each other still—as brother and sister."

"Brother and sister! brother and sister!" she wailed; "that is not a tie to satisfy the void of an aching heart."

"Caroline, my darling sister, you must school your heart," he whispered. "I had to do it—I have to do it still. Any warmer feeling, any more sacred tie is impossible between us. Be composed, be yourself."

"Yes, I will be myself," she answered, as she turned from him to seek her chamber. "Farewell, Thomas."

"Good night, Caroline," he replied; "we will meet as usual to-morrow, and forget all this."

He stood at the door, which he had held open for her to pass through, and his own heart ached as he heard the smothered burst of anguish which escaped from her. It was a painful rejection he had had to give, but in his opinion a necessary one.

And as poor Mrs. Canterbury tossed on her sleepless pillow, she felt that retribution was already overtaking her, and through the whole long night she bewailed the possession of the riches that were not justly hers, that had brought this misery and mortification upon her, and divided her for ever from the only one who had indeed made her day-dream.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD LEAVEN.—The "Scotsman" tells the following:—"There is a characteristic little anecdote, not generally known, but to be found in a curious book of the last century, called *Douglas's Description of the East Coast of Scotland*. It relates to Barclay of Mathers, the father of the Apologist, who had been a colonel under Gustavus Adolphus, but became Quaker in his old days. The descendant of a fierce race, which in later days produced a Russian field-marshall and an English pugilist, the colonel had strong, hot blood in him. A neighbor, trusting too implicitly to the restraints of the order, was found encroaching on Barclay's marches. He argued about justice and property in vain. The neighbor, determined to support his encroachment by force, and brought a following to the spot. Barclay also went thither with some of his people, and, marching forward with grim serenity, said: "Friend, I have long since renounced the wrathful principle, and wish not to quarrel with thee; but, if thou persistest, perchance thou mayest arouse the old Adam within me, and I warn thee that he may prove too strong both for me and for thee." This ominous warning of the colonel's continued liability to the frailties of the flesh was prudently noted and acted on."

(To be continued.)

MISSALDIN OF MARKET.—The freshness of life may be judged by the brightness of their eyes. The eye is the window of the soul.

While there we saw the funeral of a Senator, attended only by gentlemen, who were clad in black dress-coats and hats, with white vests and pants. These remained outside the gate, except, of course, the pall-bearers, and four others, one of whom was the husband, another a son. The lid of the coffin was not fastened on; the dress, which was of black silk, hung over the sides. It seemed to be her usual dress, the sleeves were quite short. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers, who walked very hurriedly till, passing under an archway, they halted five minutes, while prayers were said by two priests. Again they hurried on, faster than I could follow by walking. When they reached the grave, two or three darkies, half-clad, clustered around; then as best they could, and with less feeling than I should credit the hard-set with showing, the pillow and bedding were taken from under the corpse, and, with a shudder I write it—they absolutely got with their knees on the coffin lid, to force it in its place, and drove large nails into it.

The grave was only a few feet deep. After gathering up the articles taken from the coffin, "the bearer" came running away, one against the other, as rowdy as possible. It is but justice to say these men are hired—friends not officiating as with us. Also, this was not the first class of inhabitants; neither were they the lowest class. The husband and son were quiet and dignified. Sometimes those who are placed in tombs are without any coffin; in that case, friends remain until they are walled up. Females never attend a funeral. Such utter heartlessness and indifference I hope never to see again.

To-night, Christmas eve, we go to high mass. Can it be possible that with you the cold winds are blowing, while here a soft, balmy air floats over me, and wherever my eye rests there are green leaves, and bright flowers blooming? I send a cordial Christmas-greeting to one and all. Adieu.

A.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

Senate.—On the 25th, considerable discussion took place as to "who had let the cat out of the bag," relative to what took place at a previous Executive Session, where Messrs. Douglas and Fitch had some high words—since, all smooth over, in the most approved Washington fashion, which, in this respect, we consider a wise one. During the discussion, Mr. Green, of Missouri, announced the discovery of a small room within ear-shot, which, on being searched, contained two black cats. This incident naturally created much humor and allusion.

The mystery of these two black cats was afterwards discovered to be as follows:—As the galleries of the Senate rest on trusses, and a trap door is left at each of the four corners of the chamber, for the workmen to go below, two stray cats got underneath, where they subsisted for three or four weeks on the crumbs that fell from the public table. When rescued they bore evidence, in their insane demeanor, of the secrets they had overheard in Executive Session. These cats however did not betray confidence—cats never do. It took some Senatorial biped to do that.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was killed this week

—the *coup de grace* being given on the 28th, by a vote of 38 ayes to 20 nays. Mr. Gwinne, of Cal., waxed very wrath on the occasion. The following is the bill as adopted:—That advertisements be inserted in two papers of each State and of the District of Columbia, inviting estimates for three routes, and the sum of \$3,000 be appropriated to pay expenses. This is emphatically "coming out at the little end of the horn."

The House of Representatives.—Among the doings of the week, the Post Office Committee reported against granting the franking privilege to the Mount Vernon Association, and also against the proposed abolition of the Post Office Department. A lot of steamship lines, originally planned to plunder Uncle Sam, no doubt, were killed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up, and the House refused to concur in an amendment made in the Senate of the House, cutting off certain missions. Mr. Crawford's amendment proposing to reduce the sum to be expended by the President to carry into effect the act of March, 1819, for the suppression of the slave trade and other subsequent acts, from \$75,000 to \$45,000, the object being to withhold the amount necessary to comply with the contract with the Colonization Society for the education and support of the Africans recaptured on board the slaver Echo, was rejected, the vote standing yeas 48, nays 14. The question was then taken on the motion to strike out this entire clause, and resulted in the negative—yeas 28, nays 163. The bill was then rejected yeas 88, nays 99. A discussion ensued on the bill, after which it was reconsidered, and again lost. The bill was lost because many members thought the appropriations for foreign missions too heavy, and others were opposed to the anti-slave and colonization appropriation. The next day, however, the above decision was reconsidered, and then adopted by 101 to 94 nays.

Mr. Gwinne, of Pennsylvania, gave notice that when the Arizona Bill shall be called up, he would offer an amendment, which was read, setting forth that whereas the territory acquired from Mexico, of which Arizona is a part, was, at the time of purchase, free, by law, from African slavery, and no such slavery has been since established thereon, therefore that nothing contained in this Act shall be held or taken to authorize African slavery in said Territory, as acquired from Mexico.

TALENT CONVINCES, but excites but creates.

This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.

Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,

And reconciles the pinion to the earth;

Genius unites with desires the mind,

Contented not till earth be left behind;

Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,

Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toll.

## NEWS ITEMS

A VERY SAD STORY.—An English paper relates the death of a father from grief. It says: "His boy, aged eight years, was accused on a charge of stealing a sovereign. Ball was refused, and the lad was sent to prison. The father, on parting with his child, took the master so deeply to heart, that he went home and never again looked up. A deep-seated melancholy took possession of him; he was obliged to give up work, and on the day his little boy was tried, the father breathed his last. The surgeon that attended him, says that he died of a broken heart. The boy was discharged."

UNHAPPY MATRIMONY.—A year and a half ago, four young ladies in Cincinnati were married at the same hour. Two have since separated from their husbands, and the other two are trying to get separated.

COTTON BOSTON'S furniture at Washington is to be sold at auction. His property is estimated to be insufficient to pay his debts.

SURVIVING IN MICHIGAN.—The people of Gratiot county, Michigan, are represented as being in a very destitute condition, and an appeal has been made to the Legislature for aid. There are about one thousand families in the county, and of these not more than one quarter, it is believed, have the means of subsistence until the next harvest. An almost total failure of the crops is assigned as the cause of the existing want.

Poor Mexico has now five Presidents, or at least five men backed by military power, each of whom thinks he alone can rescue her from the gulf of ruin to which she is hastening.

DEMB MOTORS.—In Italy, a lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies, "I consent"; but if she turns her head, that is a denial. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only *indifferent*; to place yourself near her, is *inert*; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is *love*.

There is a rumor that Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece, is shortly to be married to Mr. Maynard, of Baltimore, brother of the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

THE ARMY WELL REPRESENTED.—At the late Democratic Convention at Frankfort, Ky., there were 672 delegates, who consisted of 2 ex-Governors, 14 Generals, 493 Colonels, 97 Majors, 35 Captains, 13 Squires. The candidates were 6 Colonels, and one-half consisted of "Old Line Whigs."

MARITAL IMPROVEMENTS.—Two centuries ago, not one person in 100 wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not one boy in 1,000 was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in 1,000 made a waiting woman of her mother!

The English thorough-bred stallion "Plying Dartmouth" has been sold to the French government for \$21,000.

As a caucus of Democratic Senators held in Washington on the 23d, a resolution declaring it inexpedient to change the Tariff at the present session, was adopted by a large majority.

THE LATE ELECTION.—The Detroit Press has an account of the manner in which Miss Judson, who eloped with the negro, spent the time among her new friends. It says:

"The style of living which the young woman was introduced to on the first day of the honeymoon is worth noticing. Her sable lover, in pursuit of an intention to set up housekeeping, bought some dishes and old furniture, and the two moved into a board shanty in the back part of Windsor. This was in the tenant quarter, which, it is needless to say, comprises several quarters of the whole town, and was surrounded by about fifty more negro shanties. The occupants of these, quite taken by surprise, turned out *en masse*, and the bridal calls of the young wife consisted of an indiscriminate rush of darkies of all ages, sexes, colors and varieties. The only room she had was filled with these odorous visitors, from morning till night, who gazed at her with open mouths, while little ebony climbed on the roof, peeped in the windows, and stole her corn bread.

It is estimated, by competent Windsor authorities, that she received a thousand calls the first day. How she got through with her reception is unknown; but considering the fact that she had been brought up in decency, it is natural to suppose that her stomach must have rebelled occasionally, notwithstanding the inclemencies of her father, who believed them good enough for her until they actually got her. The story which the parent circulated, to the effect that she was insane, and that he should put her in an asylum, is all bosh. No insane asylum will admit her, as she has given not the slightest sign of insanity."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND LITTLE POLLY.—Mr. Brown, M. P., in presiding at a concert on Saturday evening, given in connexion with a Working Men's Association in Lancashire, told a story of a little girl ten years of age, who called at his house during the social science week, when Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and other distinguished personages were his guests. "Polly," for that was the girl's name, asked to see Lord John Russell; and when she was shown into the room to his lordship, in a modest but frank and winning manner, she told how she had a taste for music, and that she wished to be educated, but that her parents were poor, and could not afford to give her that kind of training which would best develop her musical talent. Lord John was pleased with the child, pleased with the beauty of her singing—for she sang several songs before the great people—and ultimately Lady Russell declared that she would most willingly contribute towards the expense, if Mr. Brown would see that "Polly" was suitably educated. The result was, that she was now at Blackburne House, receiving as good an education as any gentleman's daughter in the land; and they were glad to receive her there without fee or reward. The music-master reported most favorably of her great aptitude for music; and, from the formation of her vocal organs, she had fair to be a famous songstress—a prima donna, perhaps, who, by her beauty (for she was beautiful, too,) and her song, would some day win a diamond.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drive Yard—16 head, J. Dasher, Pa., \$6.94; 23 Cochran, Ohio, \$6.91; 17 S. Murphy & Co., Va., \$6.94; 25 J. Irwin, Pa., \$6.10; 49 Baldwin & Co., Chester, do., \$6.10; 7 J. Hamaker, do., \$6.91; 8 Carson, do., \$6.10; 6 McClees, do., \$6.10; 81 A. Redhead, do., \$6.10; 11 Eckman, Del., \$6.10; Sheep—5000 at market, selling at \$2.64, being equal to \$6.94 per dressed Cows the same as last week.

The following sales of Beef cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drive Yard—10 E. Eby, Chester, \$6.10; 10 S. Murphy, do., \$6.10; 26 Hopkins, do., \$6.10; 10 W. H. Miller, Va., \$6.10; 10 Kentucky & Ohio, \$6.10; 20 K. Kirk, Kirk, Chester, \$6.10; 2 Aker, \$6.10; 4 W. Alexander, Chester, \$6.10; 10 E. & J. Chandler, do., \$6.10; 2 J. Menah, do., \$6.10; 11 P. Hathaway, do., \$6.10.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 29, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Solvent bks per do 1/2 dis Solvent banks 1/2 dis

Relief notes 1/2 dis

NEW JERSEY.

Solv bks per do 1/2 dis

ALABAMA.

Solv bks 1 to 3 dis

DELaware.

Solv bks per do 1/2 dis

MISSISSIPPI.

N. Liberty 6 1/2 dis

Southwark 20 1/2 dis

P. T. Townsend 20 1/2 dis

Montgomery 66 1/2 dis

Gard 12 1/2 dis

Western 6 1/2 dis

Commercial 6 1/2 dis

Kentucky 6 1/2 dis

Ohio 6 1/2 dis

Commonwealth 20 1/2 dis

Commercial 20 1/2 dis

Pittsburgh, Pitts 20 1/2 dis

Michigan 20 1/2 dis

Michigan Central 20 1/2 dis

Michigan Southern 20 1/2 dis

Illinoian 20 1/2 dis

Union, N. Y. 20 1/2 dis

Light 20 1/2 dis

Washington Gas 20 1/2 dis

Light 20 1/2 dis

Lehigh 20 1/2 dis

New Haven 20 1/2 dis

New Orleans 20 1/2 dis

Galveston 10 dis

Canada 10 dis

Solv bks 1 to 1 dis

1/2 dis

## Wit and Humor.

## FRENCH WITTICISMS.

**THE PATRIOTS OF MADAME RACHEL.**—It is now well known that the wondrous Rachel had, under the pretext of tragedy, a mission to Russia, the object of which was to rid the enemy during the late war of all the loose coin that was in circulation. She acquitted herself conscientiously of this task; she took away with her 700,000, not to mention that when the circulating medium became almost extinct, she also took away all that could be easily converted into money, in the shape of pins, rings, bracelets, and other jewelry. Even young Raphael, her brother, succeeded in carrying off 400,000. Rare example of patriotism at so tender an age!

**BALLOON ASCENTS.**—Why are people so partial to balloon ascents? The secret is, that they always tacitly hope to see an accident.—When Van Amburg said to Hazel, of the Porte Saint-Martin, that he managed his beasts so as to give a perfect sense of safety to the spectators, "That won't do," said Hazel, "you must leave a probability of being eaten up one day, or nobody will come to see you." The story of the man who followed Van Amburg all over the world not to miss that critical day, must have been got up by some home or continental Barnum.

**PUBLIC CAPTION.**—There is a great deal of chance success in Paris. The public will not have the same thing over again. Some time back a workman was buried under a slip of earth. For eight days nothing was talked about but Dufayel. Was he alive? Had he been heard? Does he get his soup through the leather tube? When will he be extricated? When at length he was rescued, people embraced one another in the streets, and opened their purses. "Dufayel" was introduced to the public at the Ambigu-Comique—most ambiguous comedy it was; he was the giraffe, the hippopotamus of his day. But some time afterwards five workmen were placed in the same predicament as Dufayel had been, only they could not get any soup down to them.—Their names were never mentioned; the public mind had had enough of being buried alive, and took no interest whatsoever in their fate. To have proposed a play on the subject would have brought down the broom-handle of the establishment on the head of the witness-malefactor of his time. The public were at that moment occupied, besides, with a blind man's dog, whose master being dead, the animal used to go, howl in mouth, by himself to the aid place. The public took so to the dog that it died of a surfeit, and twelve thousand francs in gold were found in its mattress—at least, so the inheritor said.

**THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS.**—The wits of Paris are not necessarily belligerent. When the war broke out in the East, crowds of clever correspondents congregated in Constantinople. They were, however, more wanted on the Danube, and were applied to accordingly.

"But," they said, with a unanimous voice, "has not the Times its correspondent on the Danube, and does not that suffice for all?"

"It had; but also! he had been taken by the Russians and shot!" was the ready reply.

"Indeed! The prospect for a man of letters is not then a very agreeable one!"

"But he shall be revenged!"

"No doubt! and we will remain here to do justice to the details."

**THE OPERA HOUSE.**—A clever projector had undertaken to convey an opera troupe to the marshes of the Mississippi. One day, during a brief respite from sea sickness, the party met on deck. One began to hum; then another; then another; so on with five.

"What is this?" they exclaimed. "Five tenors in one troupe! We have been deceived!" They hurried to the impresario. "Treachery!" they exclaimed; "you solemnly promised that I should be the only tenor of the troupe."

"Gentlemen, calm yourselves," quietly replied the director. "During the first week that we shall be in New Orleans two will have fallen victims to the yellow fever, two will have died of rheumatism, and the one that survives will be the tenor without a rival."

From that moment cordiality reigned on board. Among true artists, the only chance of keeping down the fever of rivalry is to hold out the hopes of the rivals' death.

**THE INCONFERABLE PRINCE.**—The incorrigibility of the feuilletonist may be judged of by the following fact: A director was vaunting the success of a new piece—

"Why," he said, "the very check-taker is rubbing his hands! put that in. Tell the public that the check-taker is rubbing his hands with glee."

"I cannot, sir."

"Cannot! Why not?"

"Because, sir, the check-taker has only one hand."

**THE GRATEFUL ARMER.**—The Duke of Nevers once sent his steward to inquire of an artist on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy. "Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."

**THE GRAVE DIGGER.**—"Miserable man!" said an officer, who was passing by a grave-digger the evening after a battle, "why, you have just stumbled in a man who still breathed!"

"Oh, sir," replied the grave-digger, "it is easy to see that you are not accustomed to it as I am. If I were to stop to listen to them, there would never be one of them dead."

**MUSICAL STUDIES.**—M. Fenillet was travelling in a steamboat at a time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who, on arriving, felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering.

"In the abdomen!" replied the wounded man.

"Indeed! How did it happen to you?"

The patient therupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and recurred:

"Are they subject to this accident, sir, in your family?"

"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my uncles and aunts."

"Very well, sir. I required that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, sir, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"

"Yes, sir; it is indeed impossible."

"It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?"

"True, sir, I experience precisely the same difficulty."

"It must therefore be much easier for you to lie on your side?"

"True, sir, that is the only position I can lie in."

"That will suffice, sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise; either we can leave the spit, but then there is inflammation to be dreaded; or we can extract it, but then it is not likely that you will survive the operation. Science, sir, has its limits; your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

**A SENSITIVE LADY.**—There were ladies going to spend twelve days at Etretat, and asking husband, brother and the whole universe, if six hats and twenty dresses were enough. Then there were gentlemen bound to the sea-side:

"Adieu, mon ami," sobbed the wife that was left behind, "mind you write to me. Have you got the list of your shoes? Take care of your black coat. Above all, let me know when you are coming back. You know that I cannot bear the emotion of surprises!"

**ATHENES AMENDÉE.**—There are many persons who cannot speak in sensible, common-place terms. They are always on stilts, and aim to carry out their language in blank verse. Instead of simply saying, for example, "He acknowledges the corn," they would render it about thus:—

He doth, by truth, with most ingenious humor, confess th' impeachment, common fame hath brent,

That with it carries conviction of the maize.

While on the subject, we will enumerate a few other trite sayings, accompanied with renderings after the manner of these dignified bores:—

"It's a long lane that has no turn!"

The way that deviates nor right nor left, But onward leads through space interminable.

May be, by fair construction deemed of length somewhat respectable.

"The longest pole knocks down the personna!"

It is an axiom well received, I ween, That, of the slender scions of the forest, The one which, in a longitudinal sense, eclipses the pretensions of its fellows, May oscillate until their speedy fall,

The staple fruit of Carolina State.

"A fine stand for a grocery!"

A most commodious site, Where all the multitudinous fruits of earth, That nourish and regale the inner man, Are held to barter.

"Old Hoss, I'll See You in the Fall"—

Whenneath a canopy of golden leaves, Mid all the purple glories of her state, Summer, in fragrance, breathes her life away. And sober autumn is enthroned instead,

I'll meet thee, antiquated steed.

**SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.**—The Springfield Republican is responsible for the following:

Come here, George, I wish to examine you in punctuation. What's that?

George.—That? that's comma.

Mistress.—Right; now what's that?

George.—Ah! now you've got me where my hair's short. I dun kno.

Mistress.—George, I do not wish you to use any slang phrases here. When you are able to give correct replies, say so, but do not repeat such phrases as that which you have just used. Now, what's that?

George.—I dun kno.

Mistress.—Don't know what that is? Why that's a period.

George (looking critically at the point in question)—Ha! ha! ha! Now I've got you where your hair's short; that ain't nothin' only a dry fit!

Mistress (re-examining critically)—George, you are dismissed.

**A TOUGH STORY.**—The village of B—— was often visited by flocks of wild geese, which occasionally stopped over night, and continued their journey next morning.

They came one intensely cold winter night and settled down on farmer H——'s field. He was in want of game and anxious to secure some, but not having ammunition, he did not know what to do. After deliberating a long while, and when about to give up the idea of taking some of the geese, a plan struck him which he concluded to adopt forthwith.

He went to his pond, opened the flood gate, and let the water run slowly on his field till it was covered to the depth of an inch and a-half.

In the morning, when the geese attempted to fly away, they found to their great astonishment, that they were frozen in!—New York *Evening Post*.

**THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.**—A beautiful illustration of the sleep of plants was discovered by Linnaeus. The leaves of the common chickweed stellaris medico—every night approach each other in pairs, so as to include within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the young shoots; and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the shoot. Thus are exemplified the conjugal love and the parental care of the plants.

**TO MEASURE CORN IN THE KEEF.**—Find the cubic inches in the bin, divide by 2,115, the cubic inches in a heaped bushel, and take two-thirds of the quotient for the number of bushels of shelled corn. This is upon the rule of giving three heaping half bushels of ears to make a bushel of grain; some fall short, and some overrun this measure.—*Ohio Farmer*.



## JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack.—"Mamma dear! Now isn't this called Kissmas time, because everybody kiss everybody under the Mistletoe? Ada says, it isn't."

## Agricultural.

## THE LOIS-WEEDON PRACTICE.

FROM THE LONDON AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE.

The Lois-Weedon mode of growing Wheat consists essentially in the deep cultivation (during the growth of the crop) of wide-fallowed intervals between adjacent triplet rows—which intervals are the seed bed of next year's produce. As you walk across the field you traverse alternate strips of plant and fallow—three rows a foot apart and then a yard wide blank. These blanks being deeply and diligently cultivated during the autumn, winter, spring, and even summer, while the plant is sprouting, growing, and even maturing, are at once the feeding ground of the growing crop, and the storehouse of food for the triplet rows of plants which next year they are to bear. These triplet rows thus yield a good average crop (35 bushels) per acre annually and perpetually on what is really the moiety of the acre where they grow. This they have yielded twelve times in the last twelve years at an annual cost, including rent, of about £7 an acre—and the average produce of the later years is higher than the average of the former of the series.

That is the fact. Why is it not more generally acted on? It is not incredible; let us treat it as if we were a stranger who describes an experience so remarkable. It is not incredible. These fellow intervals, though unmanured directly by the hand of man, are indirectly abundantly supplied with the food the wheat plant needs. Both ammonical manures and mineral manures are added in abundance. That the fertility of the soil is uninjured is proved by the increasing crop it yields. The deep and frequent tillage brings the matter of the subsoil and the soil more thoroughly under the action of the rain water and the air, and the silicates and phosphates and alkalies, of which this store is practically inexhaustible, are made ready in abundance for the use of the growing plant. The porous and friable condition of the soil is uninjured by the increasing crop. The porous and friable condition of the soil is uninjured by the increasing crop. The deep and frequent tillage brings the matter of the subsoil and the soil more thoroughly under the action of the rain water and the air, and the silicates and phosphates and alkalies, of which this store is practically inexhaustible, are made ready in abundance for the use of the growing plant. The porous and friable condition of the soil is uninjured by the increasing crop. The deep and frequent tillage brings the matter of the subsoil and the soil more thoroughly under the action of the rain water and the air, and the silicates and phosphates and alkalies, of which this store is practically inexhaustible, are made ready in abundance for the use of the growing plant.

To keep the ewes strong and healthy, they should be separated from the rest of the flock, and fed some grain—about half a pint each per day of corn and oats in equal parts, with a few pine boughs, or a little tar laid in the feeding trough will answer the same purpose. Begin to feed grain about the 15th of February, and keep it up until there is a full bite of grass. Then your ewes will go through strong and healthy.

To mark sheep well, you must cut out the initials of your name in the end of a block of wood, dip the letters into some red or black paint, and apply it on one side of the rump of the ewe, and on the shoulders of the male sheep or wethers; and if you have dry ewes and fat wethers, which you intend to put off, you may apply the marker on the opposite side. Then you can tell at a distance those you want to pick out of the flock.

To keep off dogs, put on one good plated bell for every twenty sheep, and you will escape the depredations of the canine tribe; for let an old dog start up a good loud bell, and he will drop his tail and leave forthwith, for he wants to go to the sky. But sometimes a young fool of a dog will chase after a bell, and bark, too.

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CUTTING GRAPTS.—For the Northern and Middle States, the present is a good month for cutting scions. If it is intended to propagate currant bushes or gooseberries, take cuttings now before the sap starts, and bury them in sand in the cellar. And so, if grafts are wanted of the apple or pear or cherry, let them be got soon, and either buried in the garden in a dry place, or, what is better, be taken into the cellar and covered with damp sand or moss or sawdust. What is needed is to keep them just damp enough to prevent their shriveling, and cold enough to prevent the buds starting before they are wanted in the spring. In cutting scions, remember that only the wood of the last season's growth is of any use, and that it should be plump and healthy. After being gathered, tie each scion in a bundle by itself, and attach a label to it, so that no mistake shall occur through forgetfulness of names or mixture of sorts. Between this time and spring, overhaul the bundles once or twice, to see that they are in a good state of preservation.

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HEATING WATER EXPERIMENT.—Having lived several years in Western New York, and not having heard there of any more expedient way of heating water for sealing hogs than the old way of heating in kettles, I think it would be of great value to the farmers of that section to know of the following manner which I have seen tried and know it is more economical, and avoids all danger of being scalped by dipping and carrying hot water: Fill your sealing tub as full as you wish with cold water, and then heat it by means of a heated cast-iron—which will be more handy to be in such a shape that you can attach a piece of trace chain to it. A small fire built on the ground, of refuse wood, will be sufficient to heat an iron of 25 pounds, twice, much quicker than the amount of water could be heated in a kettle, and after the water is once made hot and used, it may be made to boil by once heating and submerging the iron. Try it.—*Ohio Farmer*.

TO MEASURE CORN IN THE KEEF.—Find the cubic inches in the bin, divide by 2,115, the cubic inches in a heaped bushel, and take two-thirds of the quotient for the number of bushels of shelled corn. This is upon the rule of giving three heaping half bushels of ears to make a bushel of grain; some fall short, and some overrun this measure.—*Ohio Farmer*.

TO USE CORN EXCRESSES.—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

**SNOW ROCK LANDSCAPE.**—Every ladder, large or small, should have iron points at the bottom end, to enter the ground, and prevent accidents. To make such an iron, take almost any old piece of iron about a foot in length, and have one end drawn to a point, and three or four holes punched in, and screw it firmly to the under side of one of the ladder sides, letting the sharp point extend about three inches beyond the end of the wood. Such a fixture will cost about two dimes, and will hold the foot of a ladder, when setting it up, will prevent its slipping, even on the ice, keeping one from falling, and save one's bones from being broken, and the long catalogue of ills which follow it.

**A BRAVE BOY.**—The Earl of Dundonald, in his narrative of his services in the liberation of Chili, Peru and Brazil, says:—In one action my little boy had a narrow escape.

much must remain for this life, undone. Only divine power can wholly rouse the mind, and touch it into full and conscious life; only God's mandate, delivered through the grim turnkey, Death, can set the prisoned soul free. The bounds are soon reached beyond which these feeble intelligences cannot pass. The teacher must be content to pause with them, and go back again, and again, over the first beaten track;—so in the midst of hope there must ever be a profound discouragement.

Some few of the children have pretty and interesting faces,—one young girl and two little boys I noticed as showing very faint signs of disease, or even dullness; but most are melancholy and unsightly specimens of defective humanity,—and I honor those who have devoted themselves to their care and training, who patiently feed and nurse this perpetual sickly babyhood of the mind, more than I have words to tell. They show forth daily the true missionary and martyr spirit.

Surely the moral world is progressing though ever so slowly. Even politicians and legislators are getting on, after some sort. How little while it seems since the effort to obtain a grant for an institution of this kind was met by unmeasured ridicule, stupid opposition, and more stupid jokes in the legislature of one of our noblest States. What contempt was poured upon the heads of its philanthropic advocates, by blatant young Honorable, who never conceived a large thought, or felt a grand throes of humanity in all their lives! How coolly did these small orators and statesmen dismiss, or utterly deny the humble, piteous claims of their unfortunate brothers,—in many cases, differing from them not so widely, except that a deficiency of brain, had not been made up for, in a double endowment of brass.

Now, Asylums for the Idiotic are popular institutions—universally acknowledged as beneficial and necessary—and as long as intemperance and vice prevail, scarlet-fever rages and first cousins marry, they will be more and more needed.

The teachers told me that, as a general thing, these poor children are peculiarly affectionate and grateful—their simple, humble little hearts leaping up at a word of praise, or even an encouraging smile.

I was most interested in the Gymnasium. In this, the little imbeciles have the advantage over most school-children. It was really wonderful to see how many things they could do here, and do well—all showing a touching eagerness to catch the meaning and do the will of their leader. They went through with all the simple gymnastic exercises—then marched and sung, keeping very respectable time, and appearing to enjoy everything hugely. Some of the boys are quite brave and agile in climbing the ladders, and some of the girls, I am told, are good dancers. Yet many of these children could neither feed themselves, nor walk steadily, when they came here—they seemed to have no command over their muscular systems.

One of the physicians is trying an experiment with a little boy, who is fearfully afflicted with the St. Vitus's dance. He tires him out every day, on the ladders, and after the exercise, nature takes a rest, and the distressing spasmodic action of nerves and muscles is for a time almost entirely suspended. It was told that this poor little boy has a mother in the city, who has quite deserted him in his misfortune—never coming to see how he gets on—is probably revolted by his involuntary, perpetual giddy dance. Such women would have made Spartan mothers—would have consented with heroic fortitude to having their unfortunate offspring put out of misery and their way, by summary process, according to Spartan usage.

One of our party inquired for a boy, named Adam, who is said to be quite a character. A short time since, during the Sabbath school exercises, to the teacher's question of "Who was the first man?" he shouted out with no little pride—"I!" He was absent, and I had not the pleasure of making so patriarchal and premeval an acquaintance.

Near me, in the gymnasium class, stood the queerest, most weird-like and impish little fellow I have ever seen—the only one of these unfortunate I could heartily laugh at. He is more odd than silly, and is full of fun and mischief, and frolicsome pranks, with the most curious and comical face imaginable. His eyes are not mates, differing very decidedly in color and size, and inclined to look cross-ways. The two sides of his face seem quite independent of each other in expression and action. He will draw down one corner of his mouth, curl up one nostril, wrinkle one cheek, and give a most supernatural wink with one of his cross-eyes, while the entire other half of his physiognomy remains in a state of innocent unconsciousness and placid repose. The effect is indescribably ludicrous. If he could be kidnapped now, he would make the fortune of an enterprising circus manager. If he remains six months longer in this institution, he will have too much sense for a fool of the ring.

I find I must leave you for the present, at the idiot Asylum—but next week I shall have the pleasure of conducting you to the Penitentiary! So au revoir!

GRACE GREENWOOD.

**STRIKING BACK AGAIN.**—A late omnibus-driver, who had a peculiarly roseate face of his own, was said by a wag to have probably owed his immunity from sun strokes, during a long career of professional usefulness, to the sun's apprehensions of a retaliation on his part.

BRYON asked Moore—"In love wherein Aught of resemblance lies."

To the potato?" "Why," said Moore, "They both shoot from the eyes."

"That answer's good," rejoined my lord, "In the general laughter sharing,

"But the likeness that I fancied was,

They both decrease by paring."

—Boston Post.

Where a man's business is, there is the place for his religion to manifest itself.—Rev. W. Mason.

**LUXE.**—Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. Spriggs observed that—"Ladies lisped who wished to be kissed." The young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but now replied—"The 'I've heard thay.'"

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

FESTIVITIES SUSPENDED.—AN ACING VOID.—A GLANCE AT THE SHOPS.—THE TRADES OF PARIS.—A SINGULAR DISEASE.—A PAGE FROM THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

Paris, January 6, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The pleasant excitement of the Winter holidays having come and gone, Paris is beginning to relapse into its usual physiognomy. The booths in the Boulevards and principal streets, unusually numerous this year, will continue to disgrace the town a few days longer; after which, like the shadowy tents in Longfellow's beautiful ballad, they will vanish in the night, and be forgotten until next Christmas.

The aspect of Paris during the last fortnight, though the influence of the New Year was plainly visible as usual, has been much less animated than it generally is at the return of this festive season. Comparatively few foreigners are here at present; only an occasional group, in the parlors of the Hotel Meurice and the Rue de la Paix, represents the shoals of English visitors who are ordinarily to be seen in what comes to be called "the English quarter." American visitors are also comparatively rare; and at these two categories of guests figure very largely in the sales of the shops, and the fleecing operations of the hotels, the incomings of these centres of Parisian enterprise have collapsed accordingly.

The absence of their usual victims, whose guineas and dollars the Parisians estimate at their true value, whatever may be their feelings with regard to these guests *per se*, is explained here by the influence of the troubles in India, in the case of the English, and of the recent commercial "crisis" in the case of the Americans: causes which, no doubt, have had something to do with the result in question;

the enormous rise in prices, which has changed Paris from the cheapest to nearly the dearest capital in Europe, being, however, the principal reason why the travelling portion of both branches of the itinerant Anglo-Saxon race are now bestowing the light of their gold-dispensing presence elsewhere.

We find, moreover, that gold-beaters have done business for \$1,200,000; jewelry, \$13,000,000; imitation jewelry, \$1,250,000; silver-smiths, \$3,000,000; silver spoon makers, \$2,150,000; platters, \$1,500,000; the various branches of the silver and plating industry amounting in all to \$25,000,000. In the miscellaneous branches known as "articles de Paris," business to the amount of \$26,000,000 was done by 34 trades:—button-makers, \$1,250,000; brushmakers, \$420,000; cane and whip makers, \$800,000; pasteboard articles, \$1,700,000; straw hats, \$1,700,000; hair-dressers, \$850,000; fans, \$750,000; gloves, \$3,000,000; artificial flowers, \$2,500,000; watchmakers, \$2,200,000; umbrellas and parasols, \$1,500,000; perfumery, \$2,300,000; pianos, \$2,600,000; ivory ornaments, \$1,320,000; toys, \$1,000,000, of which \$300,000 go for dolls, \$150,000 for military playthings, and \$11,000 for tops, nine-pins, &c. Besides these trades, there are many minor branches, which, though small in themselves, make up a considerable additional item in the great aggregate production of the capital.

Strange to say, the fruit of last season, so unusually abundant, does not "keep" this year. Apples and pears of the finest appearance are apt to be decayed at the core; medlars are not to be procured in an eatable state; and it is feared that the wine made this year will hardly sustain its *consistere* reputation, for the grapes, which can generally be kept by dint of careful precautions until the spring, dry up, or become mouldy, to the great disgust of the fruiterers. Good grapes are therefore very difficult to obtain just now, and of course fetch a very high price, much to the annoyance of those who especially affect this fruit, and among others, to old Baron de Wertheim, who resides here, and who has lived entirely, since 1845, on grapes and bread, to the exclusion of every other article of diet. The Baron was formerly the colleague of Count de Lowenstein, Minister for Sweden at the Court of the Tulleries from 1815 to 1855; he was in his youth page to Gustavus III., and was beside the King at the famous ball at which Ankerstroem killed his sovereign. During the summer the Baron's respects cost him a very moderate sum; but when the month of October sets in, the price of his diet begins to increase; and as he eats several pounds of grapes every day, the cost of his meals, apparently so simple, is really greater through nine months in the year than the cost of the most luxurious dishes, as grapes can only be procured during the winter, spring, and early summer at an outlay of from ten to thirty or forty francs the pound. The Baron takes neither wine nor water; the grapes serving him for drink as well as for meat. He is eighty years of age, hale and hearty, and declares that he expects to outlive all his contemporaries; but the old fellow, with his Arcadian diet, has lived through some strange and stirring events already, and of all the queer doings he has witnessed, few are perhaps more curious than the elevation of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden, and the way in which that event was brought about, as your readers may judge from the following bit of private, but authentic history:

In a lodging house of the faubourg St. Honoré, in 1852, two young men were conversing with much animation. One of them was a lieutenant in the French army, named Lapie, the other was Baron Morner, an officer in the Swedish army.

The "novelty" of the season, for children, is again a new ball; not the pretty rose-colored balloon balls of last winter, which were to be seen in the air, from one end of Paris to the other, held delightedly by long strings in little hands, but an India-rubber invention of the same size, just as ugly as their predecessors were charming. These balls, about eight inches in diameter, represent grotesque human heads and faces; some being a mere grin, others representing a horrible grimace, others again being minus an eye, a tooth, or an ear; some have one eye bandaged, other sport a pair of spectacles, and loll the tongue horribly. All are either painful, ugly, or grotesque; and are, for this reason only, objectionable as toys, which ought, evidently, to suggest ideas of a more refined and healthy kind. But this is not the only objection to the new plaything—education, as everybody knows, being by no means confined to the action of teachers and books, and the influences of the play-ground being even more potent, for the formation of character, than those of the schoolroom; for it may well be doubted whether the good old game of foot-ball, when the ball itself consists of a representation of the human face, and the game of a series of kicks and obtrusions bestowed on the same, can tend to develop any wholesome respect for humanity in general, or any generous compassion for the blind, the aged, the maimed, or the suffering, in particular. If the songs of a nation exercise a more powerful influence on its morality, and consequently on its destiny, than do its laws, surely the amusements and even the toys given to the "rising generation" cannot be without importance.

But leaving the details of the New Year's display, it is not uninteresting to cast a glance

on the statistics of Parisian industry through the past year, Paris being not only the metropolis of fashion and pleasure, but also one of the principal manufacturing centres of France. It appears then, that the 501 butchers of the Capital, increased to 513 since the suppression of the monopoly, have employed, at the slaughter-houses and in their shops, 1,500 individuals, and have done business to the amount of \$3,000,000; the 601 bakers employed 2,650 persons, and their business amounted to \$2,750,000; 382 pork-butchers, sausage-makers, &c., employed 850 persons, 75 of whom were women, doing a business of \$4,000,000; 403 pastry-cooks engaged 1,700 workmen, their returns amounting to over \$2,500,000; 95 confectioners employed 700 persons, of whom 200 are women, and have received \$1,500,000, more than half of which business was done in the Sixth Ward, which shows more in this trade than all the rest together; 97 chocolate makers employed 500 workmen, and sold \$1,000,000; 10 sugar refiners, with 400 workmen, have produced \$5,500,000 worth of merchandise; 24 breweries, with 300 workmen, have produced \$1,000,000; 132 distillers have occupied 375 workmen for an amount of business of \$2,000,000.

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Strange to say, the fruit of last season, so unusually abundant, does not "keep" this year.

Apples and pears of the finest appearance

are apt to be decayed at the core; medlars are not to be procured in an eatable state; and it is feared that the wine made this year will hardly sustain its *consistere* reputation, for the grapes, which can generally be kept by dint of careful precautions until the spring, dry up, or become mouldy, to the great disgust of the fruiterers. Good grapes are therefore very difficult to obtain just now, and of course fetch a very high price, much to the annoyance of those who especially affect this fruit, and among others, to old Baron de Wertheim, who resides here, and who has lived entirely, since 1845, on grapes and bread, to the exclusion of every other article of diet. The Baron was formerly the colleague of Count de Lowenstein, Minister for Sweden at the Court of the Tulleries from 1815 to 1855; he was in his youth page to Gustavus III., and was beside the King at the famous ball at which Ankerstroem killed his sovereign. During the summer the Baron's respects cost him a very moderate sum; but when the month of October sets in, the price of his diet begins to increase; and as he eats several pounds of grapes every day, the cost of his meals, apparently so simple, is really greater through nine months in the year than the cost of the most luxurious dishes, as grapes can only be procured during the winter, spring, and early summer at an outlay of from ten to thirty or forty francs the pound. The Baron takes neither wine nor water; the grapes serving him for drink as well as for meat. He is eighty years of age, hale and hearty, and declares that he expects to outlive all his contemporaries; but the old fellow, with his Arcadian diet, has lived through some strange and stirring events already, and of all the queer doings he has witnessed, few are perhaps more curious than the elevation of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden, and the way in which that event was brought about, as your readers may judge from the following bit of private, but authentic history :

In a lodging house of the faubourg St. Honoré, in 1852, two young men were conversing with much animation. One of them was a lieutenant in the French army, named Lapie, the other was Baron Morner, an officer in the Swedish army.

The "novelty" of the season, for children, is again a new ball; not the pretty rose-colored balloon balls of last winter, which were to be seen in the air, from one end of Paris to the other, held delightedly by long strings in little hands, but an India-rubber invention of the same size, just as ugly as their predecessors were charming. These balls, about eight inches in diameter, represent grotesque human heads and faces; some being a mere grin, others representing a horrible grimace, others again being minus an eye, a tooth, or an ear; some have one eye bandaged, other sport a pair of spectacles, and loll the tongue horribly. All are either painful, ugly, or grotesque; and are, for this reason only, objectionable as toys, which ought, evidently, to suggest ideas of a more refined and healthy kind. But this is not the only objection to the new plaything—education, as everybody knows, being by no means confined to the action of teachers and books, and the influences of the play-ground being even more potent, for the formation of character, than those of the schoolroom; for it may well be doubted whether the good old game of foot-ball, when the ball itself consists of a representation of the human face, and the game of a series of kicks and obtrusions bestowed on the same, can tend to develop any wholesome respect for humanity in general, or any generous compassion for the blind, the aged, the maimed, or the suffering, in particular. If the songs of a nation exercise a more powerful influence on its morality, and consequently on its destiny, than do its laws, surely the amusements and even the toys given to the "rising generation" cannot be without importance.

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army. If danger comes, you won't find me flinching."

"Very well," said the squire, "come over to my house by sunrise to-morrow, with your roan gelding, and we'll go out together; and now, William, if Sam will bring out the mare I'll go."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, who was wide awake, for a wonder, and disappeared without waiting for an order.

This Sam had been raised on a Maryland plantation, and had strayed over the line, unpursued by his master. Much to the old Quaker's discomposure, however, he could not break him of his bad habit of saying "sa" and "massa," though he had got him pretty well past manifesting respect by any other outward sign. Sam had got these two words so thoroughly incorporated into his language, that it was impossible to cure him.

"My name is William; not massa," said the old man the first time Sam used the word in speaking to him.

"Yes, sa?" inquiringly.

"Well, call me William then, and not master; and can't thee say 'yes,'" without putting sir after it?"

"Yes, sa, I can, sa, Martin."

"Why don't they do it then? They said it twice just now."

"Did I, sa? Well, to tell the truth, massa, I'm used to it, an' I don't believe I can help it. An' den I can't gran' call you jis by you' first name, nohow. I'd feel like I was nassy, and keep dodgin' all de time fer you'd git me a crack."

And Sam fairly beat the Quaker, who gave it up in despair, and allowed him to address respectfully thereafter.

He soon reappeared with the mare, who seemed the fresher for her feed and the energetic rubbing down with which she had been favored.

The squire mounted, rode through the lane to the main road, and turned the mare's steps towards his own house, which was about a quarter of a mile to the southeast of William Wilson's. Roney, who lived about as far in the other direction, across the patch of woods at the west end of the lane, made his way home on foot, and went to bed after taking a look at his roan gelding to see that he was all right for the next day's work. All at the farm house were soon asleep, the farmer and his wife and the schoolmaster, whose week at "boarding" round, had located him there, in their beds, and Sam, who, with his Southern habits, would sleep nowhere else, on the floor, with his feet resting among the ashes of the raked-up fire, and his head wrapped in a saddle-blanket, through which his snoring made itself audible in irregular muffled snorts and spasmodic gaspings, that would have indicated the last stage of suffocation in any one but a plantation negro.

The stars were still in the sky when Roney went to the stable to feed his horse, and get him ready for the day's work. By the time he was mounted, the stars had all disappeared, and the first gray tint into which the blue had faded, was succeeded by the pale delicate green which announced the coming of the sun. This gradually grew warmer, and by the time he was fairly on his way, the whole eastern sky was flushed with the red light from the still invisible orb. A few long light streaks of cloud were hanging in the horizon, and as the increasing light struck them, it set their lower edge in a blaze of burnished gold, while the upper part was colored with the most exquisite tints, varying from pale rose to deep crimson, flecked with the rich gold wherever the vapor showed a fold or wreath. The tree tops were warmed with a ruddy tinge, and the dew drops, which had climbed to the points of the spears of grass, began to glisten in the level rays of the sun made his appearance above the horizon; the mist which hung along the course of the little run in the meadow, began to wreath itself into fantastic billows and roll upward and disappear; and as Roney emerged from the woods and reached the lane which led to William Wilson's house, the full flood of light was pouring over meadow and tree and stream, and lighting up with wonderful beauty the quaint old farm-house, and the stiff Lombardy poplars which stood in front of it.

Cocks were crowing vigorously, and hens cackling and scratching up a breakfast for their young broods; dogs were barking, answering each other from farm to farm; horses were nipping and shaking themselves, and cows were getting up *tail end first*, after their wrong-headed fashion, and beginning to graze immediately, as if they had not time to eat through the day; the larks were whistling from the grass, and the blackbirds were chattering from the trees.

In front of the barn, at the end of the lane, his form in strong relief against the sky, stood Sam in a pair of coarse tow linen breeches and an old rimless straw hat, with a fapping crown, a loose shirt of coarse check, and a swill bucket in his hand. He was making the glorious morning hideous by his unearthly howling of *Poo-ee-oo—Poo-ee-Poo—Poo-ee-Poo*, to which, his passion for making a noise being restricted in other matters, he was giving full vent in every variety of tone he could screw out of a tolerably flexible voice; repeating it as fast as his breath would allow, with a very unnecessary frequency, considering that before the first call was finished all the pigs were in full roar towards him, grunting with might and main.

He was so intent on this business that he did not observe the approach of Roney until the latter mischievously guided his horse close to him from behind, so as to bring his mouth directly over the old hat, which the roan incontinently seized in his teeth, much to the amazement of Sam, who had no idea that anything was near him but the pigs. He gave a spasmodic but unsuccessful grasp with both hands at the reddening hat, exclaiming, "Hi! what dat!" and catching an indistinct glimpse of the teeth and mane and large eyes right over him as he involuntarily threw back his head in the effort, he clasped both hands in his wool, and with a yell of fright dropped upon the best protected part of his body, with his eyes starting and teeth chattering with fear.

"Well, Sam, what's the matter?" said Roney, quietly.

## A NIGHT IN A LIFETIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following sketch is founded on a fact which occurred in the experience of a distinguished legal gentleman of Virginia.]

A few summer days was drawing to a close as Mr. T., after dining with a brother-lawyer, mounted his horse to ride home. He had been entertained with the gentle and genial hospitality of the Old Dominion, and felt that agreeable stimulus of the animal spirits which follows in the train of a moderate dinner among congenial friends. He had delayed the moment of departure as long as possible, though the ride home was a long one, because he would have a full moon to light him on his way, and the air would be cooler after night-fall; so that it was with none, but the most agreeable emotions he bade adieu to his friends, loosened the bridle of his horse, and turned into the road which led through the forest.

To a native sense of the beauty and excellence of Nature, Mr. T. added that refinement of taste, which is the result of careful mental culture, and a buoyancy of feeling which excess had never dulled. He enjoyed the serene silence of evening in the forest—the varied lights and shades on rock and tree and stream, and the peculiar air of majestic repose which Nature wears in the recesses of her woodland solitudes. The silence was interrupted only by the sound of his horse's feet over the even road, and the occasional note of a bird, or the croak of a frog—a prelude of the evening's concert. The scent of the evening air was delicious and refreshing, after the heat of the day. In short, so pleasurable were his emotions that Mr. T. rode along at a very easy pace, and it was only when the rapid increase of the darkness warned him of the approach of night, that he began to urge his horse to a greater swiftness. Absorbed in pleasant thought, and shut out by the loftiness of the trees from any but a very partial view of the sky, he had not observed a heavy battalion of clouds, which, after lying lazily along the horizon for some hours, now began to lift themselves towards the zenith, and emit an occasional angry flash-tube taken of a coming storm. It was indeed approaching with a rapidity which mocked every effort he could make to reach a place of shelter before its outburst. He rode rapidly, but each flash of lightning was followed by a nearer and nearer peal of thunder, and soon the darkness became intense, the wind began to rise and the rains to descend so heavily that our traveller was glad to remember he must now nearly have reached a large church, which stood on his homeward way, in the large, old-fashioned entrance to which he hoped to find a temporary shelter. With this view, he urged his horse to the utmost speed, and so violent did the tempest become, so close and incessant were the flashes of lightning, so heavy the rain, and so numerous the branches torn from the trees by the wind, that he began to feel no small anxiety to reach a place of safety.

At length the lightning showed the old church near at hand. He rode up to it, dismounted, and placing his horse so as to protect him as much as possible from the storm, entered the deep and spacious doorway. As he leaned for support against the heavy folding door, to his surprise it yielded to the pressure, he opened it and entered the church, glad to find himself in so secure a situation. He walked up the central aisle and sat down in one of the pews near the middle of the church.

It was not possible for a man of the sensibility and unaffected piety of Mr. T. to find himself alone, in such a situation, and amidst such a manifestation of Almighty power as this furious tempest afforded, not to feel some degree of solemnity and awe. He sat down, and gave way to the many solemn reflections called up by the scene and the hour. He thought of the many who had once worshipped there who were now lying in their last, long sleep in the church yard without. Once, upon their bents of down, how slight an obstacle, how small a vexation had been sufficient to banish slumber. Now—all the artillery of heaven, all the pelting of the pitiless storm, moved them not a jot. Imagination called up many a form once familiar as the pews and pillars of the old church known from infancy. In thought he strove to follow some of these into that strange realm. At this moment a slight noise, in a momentary lull of the tempest, made itself heard apparently behind and above him. It was not strange, that at such a moment it sent a thrill of inexplicable emotion through his frame. In a moment the feeling passed away, and he turned, resolved to see, if possible, by the illumination of the next flash of lightning, what had caused the sound which had startled him. It came—broad, fierce red, and revealed to him in the choir a form, a something that had life and motion, but a shape so undefined, so hideous that, with involuntary terror, he covered his eyes with his hands.

"No danger of that, Molly," he answered, "we are likely to do more running than fighting, this time, at any rate; so farewell, and don't look for me 'till you hear me open the door."

The squire kissed his wife and daughter, gave his son some directions about the work during his absence, shook hands with him and the laborers who had gathered around to see them start, and cantered off with his young companion by his side.

As they passed the lane which led from the Concord road to William Wilson's house, they overtook the schoolmaster on his way to his daily duty. Slacking their pace, they joined him, and all proceeded at a foot pace towards the "Street" road which lay along the foot of the western slope, stretching away in a south-westerly direction in a straight line until near the Brandywine.

"So! you are off," said Talbot; "what course do you purpose taking?"

"We will make towards Elk, by the way of Kennett," answered the squire; "if they have marched, that is the route they will most likely take; if they haven't, we will stay until they do, and try to find out what their route will be, so as to give notice along the road to be ready for foraging parties."

"Well, I wish them success, Thomas," said the schoolmaster, "and a safe return. And Roney, I am glad to see these engaged in this way, instead of carrying a musket."

"Do you like pistols any better?" said Roney, raising his pocket-flap and showing the iron-bound butt of a heavy horseman's pistol.

"No, I can't say I do: I don't want these to shoot myself, and I should be very sorry to hear of shooting any one else. I was in hopes they was going to confine thy efforts to reconnoitering, and not meddle with fighting."

"We don't expect to do any fighting, John," said the squire, "unless we are forced. I am armed, as well as Roney, and if we are disturbed, or our passage is interfered with, we mean to bite, but will let everybody alone that lets us alone."

By this time they had reached the "Street" road, where their course parted—the squire and Roney turning to the left, while the schoolmaster pursued his way to the little school house, standing about a hundred yards or so to the right.

(To be continued.)

**EATON** is an island, parted round with seas. The way to Heaven is through a sea of tears. It is a stormy passage, where is found

The wreck of many a ship, but we may drown.

—Quarles.

the gallery stair with unheard lightness and swiftness, and was soon on the same floor with himself. By this time the violence of the storm was somewhat abated. The flashes of lightning came at longer intervals. He had to wait some seconds, straining his eyes upon the darkness. The lightning came at last—dazzling and white—it showed nearer yet. Still undistinguishable, vague—a tangled mass of dark draperies and silk-like locks and white gleams of face and hands—human, and yet not—what was this thus wild in form, thus stealthy in its approaches? Could it be indeed a being from another world? He listened, with ear strained to its utmost capacity, but there was no sound, except that of the storm without.

To leave the church and encounter all the fury of the elements without, now appeared to him as a blessed relief. But, to do so, he must pass this unearthly figure. Another flash of lightning, which showed his fearful companion so near as to be almost within reach, quickened his lingering resolution. With a sudden summons of all his remaining courage, he rushed from the spot on which he had hitherto stood rooted, ran with his utmost speed down the long aisle, and gave a long gasp of relief as he felt the damp night-air, and heard the door shut behind him. To untie the bridle of his horse was the work of a moment; he sprang into the saddle—at that very moment he heard the church door shut violently—the horse gave a wild leap—but a wild horse had landed the fearless form safe behind the rider, and his waist was clutched by arms which held it like an iron vice.

The horse, seeming to share the terror of his rider, reared and plunged, and then started forward at his greatest speed. He instinctively took the right road towards home, and went at such a rate as promised soon to terminate this terrible journey. With the strength of desperation, Mr. T. tried to undo the rigid clasp about his waist, but the feelings of hands, cold as ice, and bony as those of a skeleton, was such an additional touch of horror, he dared not repeat the attempt. He spoke, and adjured his companion to tell its name and nature, but there was no answer, no movement, not even, as it seemed to him, the drawing of the breath; and thus they sped with wild swiftness, through the dark forest path, illuminated only by the fitful lightning. He could never afterwards give any clear account of his sensations during a ride which naturally seemed to him interminable. That he retained his reason and his life under the long continued stress of such mortal terror, was a matter of surprise to himself and his friends. It was over at last. Home was at hand. He saw its friendly lights, and with a sense of relief and thankfulness never before experienced, he stopped at his own gate. It was opened by a faithful servant, who had sat up with the anxious wife of Mr. T. to await his return. But the frightened horse did not give Peter time even for an examination of surprise at seeing his master return, thus accompanied—he shot past the gate, flew across the lawn, and so stopped finally at the hall-door with a shock so sudden as almost unseated both his riders.

The next day it was discovered that the companion of Mr. T.'s night-ride was an insane woman, who had escaped from her keepers, and after hiding in the woods, had taken refuge from the storm in the church just before he entered it. When Mr. T. discovered the real nature of the being who had caused him so much suffering, he was surprised at his own panic, and was willing to attribute it to an unconscious depression of nervous energy, such as is sometimes experienced by those who boast the most robust physical and moral health.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

In November last, in a speech of the Hon. Edward Everett, at Danvers, Mass., he referred to a steam vessel exhibited before Charles V. of Spain, as early as 1549. He also referred to poor genius, accused of "Rumsey," who, about a century after, for importuning Cardinal Richelieu, then premier of France, concerning his alleged discoveries of the application and powers of steam, was, by order of the Cardinal, confined in a madhouse in Paris. This man was a native of Normandy. To those who visited the institution where he was incarcerated, he would exclaim from his cell: "I am not mad, I am not mad. I have made a discovery that will enrich the kingdom that adopts it." He was laughed at. The learned orator also glanced at Rumsey, of this country, but without date, and likewise at Fulton, of whom he says: "In the year 1799 the thought became mature in Fulton's mind."

Some years ago I read an account of the vessel above referred to, as having been exhibited before the king (Charles V.) on the Tagus, and the account stated that the vessel was destroyed by his order, for the alleged reason that it would throw the bargemen out of employment.

I also saw a statement of another steam vessel, which, a considerable time after, plied on a canal connected with the river Clyde, in Scotland, and this, too, was destroyed because it occasioned the washing away of the banks of the canal.

I happened, very recently, to have access to the original drawings and copies

of the specifications of the application of steam to navigation, by James Rumsey, and also a copy of the patent from George III., awarded to him for his steamboat, which Mr. Everett mentioned in his speech referred to as having

attracted the attention of Washington, who "expressed his satisfaction" at the experiment of Rumsey. The first person who ever successfully applied steam to navigation in this country was James Rumsey, and this I can show incontrovertibly.

James Rumsey was born in Bohemia manor, Cecil county, Maryland. The date of his birth is not known. After he attained to manhood he moved to Virginia, and married and settled in or near Shepherdstown, in Berkeley county.

Early in the year 1784, Rumsey built a boat at Shepherdstown, and in the fall of that year, he and his brother-in-law and Nicholas Orick—his partner in a store—went on board the boat after night, and she was put in motion and

propelled by steam, but not to Rumsey's satisfaction. He was exceedingly jealous of his method of applying steam, fearing that it might be pirated from him, and this led him to be particularly cautious in all his operations with regard to it. His caution, in a great measure, retarded the proper development of his plan. To ensure secrecy he had separate parts of his machinery made at different shops, and the workmen were kept ignorant of the purpose for which they were intended; consequently, when the various parts were put together, they did not connect with the requisite exactness, and the entire machinery did not work with the desired precision.

In 1785, he obtained from the Legislature of Maryland an Act granting him the "exclusive right for ten years, in constructing, navigating, and employing boats constructed after his new invented model, upon the creeks, rivers, and bays, within that State." In 1785, he again applied to the Legislature of Maryland for an Act granting him the exclusive right "of constructing, navigating, and employing for a certain term of years, the several boats, engines and machinery, by him invented and improved." He corresponded with Washington as early as 1784-5, on the subject of his inventions for boats, and complaining that Jonathan Fitch, had taken the idea of propelling boats by steam, from him. This is shown by an original manuscript letter of August 10, 1785, (now before me,) written by Rev. Jared Sparks, biographer of Washington, and who had access to the papers left by him.

On the 3rd of December, 1785, Rumsey made an experiment, in the presence of a number of persons, with his boat on the Potomac river, and she moved at the rate of three miles an hour against the current with two tons on board, exclusive of her machinery, which was estimated to weigh not more than five to eight hundred pounds, and "did not occupy the space of more than four feet, by two and a half." Eight days after, viz., on the 11th of December, 1785, he made another experiment, "with about three tons on board, at the rate of four miles an hour, without an oar or anything but the force of steam, either to generate or assist the motion." These experiments were witnessed, and certified to, by Major General Horatio Gates, and many other highly respectable gentlemen. Rumsey had a very violent quarrel with Fitch, pending these experiments, as to which had priority in the application of Steam to Navigation: Rumsey got the better of his competitor, both as to priority of application and method of applying. In a letter of Washington to Thomas Johnson, Esq., of Maryland, (afterwards Governor of the State,) dated Mount Vernon, November 22nd, 1787, after alluding to an interview with Rumsey in September, 1784, he mentioned seeing him in the November following, and his speaking about applying steam to navigation. Washington goes on to state—I quote from his autograph letter before me—"It is proper for me here-with to add, that sometime after Mr. Fitch called upon me, on his way to Richmond, and explaining his scheme, wanted a letter from me, introducing of it to the Assembly of this State—the giving of which I declined: and went so far as to inform him that although I was enjoined not to disclose the principles of Mr. Rumsey's discovery, yet I would venture to assure him, that the thought of applying steam for the purpose he designed it, was not original, but had been mentioned to me by Mr. Rumsey." So much for the priority.

Mr. William Askew, of Berkley county, Virginia, makes affidavit, December 8th, 1786, that he saw the boat said to be constructed by Fitch, in Philadelphia, in September, 1785, and that, "on taking a view of which boat (and from the information of a gentleman who appeared to be concerned in the said machine) this deponent is of opinion the boiler will hold five hundred gallons of water. From what he was informed, from the gentleman aforesaid, and from his own view, his opinion is, that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's steamboat must necessarily cost three hundred pounds. This deponent has lately seen the steamboat constructed by James Rumsey, of Berkley county, Virginia, and believes, from good information, as well as his own opinion on examination, that Mr. Rumsey's steam machinery will not, on its present construction, weigh seven tons, exclusive of the quantity of wood necessary for the boiler. This deponent says that he verily believes that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's steamboat must necessarily cost three hundred pounds. This deponent has lately seen the steamboat constructed by James Rumsey, of Berkley county, Virginia, and believes, from good information, as well as his own opinion on examination, that Mr. Rumsey's steam machinery will not, on its present construction, weigh seven tons, exclusive of the quantity of wood necessary for the boiler. This deponent says that he verily believes that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's steamboat must necessarily cost three hundred pounds. This deponent has lately seen the steamboat constructed by James Rumsey, of Berkley county, Virginia, and believes, from good information, as well as his own opinion on examination, that Mr. Rumsey's steam machinery will not, on its present construction, weigh seven tons, exclusive of the quantity of wood necessary for the boiler. This deponent says that he verily believes that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's steamboat must necessarily cost three hundred pounds. This deponent has lately seen the steamboat constructed by James Rumsey, of Berkley county, Virginia, and believes, from good information, as well as his own opinion on examination, that Mr. Rumsey's steam machinery will not, on its present construction, weigh seven tons, exclusive of the quantity of wood necessary for the boiler. This deponent says that he verily believes that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's steamboat must necessarily cost three hundred pounds. This deponent has lately seen the steamboat constructed by James Rumsey, of Berkley county, Virginia, and believes, from good information, as well as his own opinion on examination, that Mr. Rumsey's steam machinery will not, on its present construction, weigh seven tons, exclusive of the quantity of wood necessary for the boiler. This deponent says that he verily believes that the machinery of Mr.

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rent. He using pads primitive to stop their wedged to make of bone, motive by usually on first loss- of it. He Philadelphia for the stop a long laughed at, the water? ready." Is under machinery its best to as he had practical but con-

n against is means "Rum- of stock faith in, and both from, in, under on the very im- aged to. He sympathy ally and" (like Everett,) to Eng- of the West, received.

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Ful- was an care- ntonington to him living. They into and in Rum- in an at- b the e, in alined xel- &c., sur- con- mpton ton- nate of t deaf t the be- lars! al?"

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stantial remuneration, for the great service rendered to the nation by their progenitors. The heirs of Fulton are highly and powerfully connected; their prayer for a gratuity was graciously answered. The heirs of Rumsey are poor and humble; their prayer has been in vain; thus, even in Democratic, Republican America, genius must succumb to, or be thrust aside by, wealth, station or political influence.

The last time the papers in Rumsey's case were laid before Congress (some few years ago), they were placed before the Committee on Claims in the Senate. The Committee had before them a very large amount of business, to expedite which, the claim of each several claimant (or case) was put in the hands of some one of the members of the Committee, and his report was to be adopted as the report of the Committee. The Rumsey petition and papers were put into possession of an Honorable Senator for his report, and six months after, at the close of a long session, the attorney withdrew them, and found them all safe and undisturbed. They appeared not to have been removed from the Committee-room; the tape with which he had bound them together had never been cut or untied!

## THE DOVE AND THE SERPENT.

BY HARDWICKE BOWMAN.

*She was but a child—not sixteen quite.—*

*When he singled her out with full intent;*

*An innocent, thoughtless, foolish thing.*

*Brimfull of romance and sentiment.*

*Her beauty,—description is not my forte,*

*And words cannot picture a being so fair!*

*But you may imagine it, when I say,*

*E'en the women allowed it beyond compare.*

*Never a smoother villain than he,*

*Has there lived I think since the world began;*

*As calm, (and as deep) as the tropical sea,*

*Indeed he was a wonderful man.*

*Oh, what an actor he was—good Lord!*

*Not a mere creature of spangles and paint,—*

*Equal to every part—but his best,*

*A sort of a cross between hero and saint.*

*He conversed,—and well too—on a thousand themes,*

*From cooking a pheasant, to points in theology;*

*He could dance, and fence, and play, and sing*

*A love song, or a long-meire doxology.*

*The women—dear credulous souls, believed,*

*There never was man so good or so wise,*

*So noble, courteous, gifted, brave,*

*Oh, he was a Crichton, in their eyes'*

*He talked of adventures wild and rare,*

*Which he had met with in foreign lands—*

*Shipwrecks and battles, and strange scenes.*

*On the ocean waves and the desert sands.*

*He told them well—for he had them fresh,*

*All learned out of the newest books:*

*He related how he had shaken hands*

*With Louis Napoleon and Admiral Smolka.*

*How with her Grace, the Duchess of Biugo,*

*At balls he had threaded "the German's*

*mazes,*

*How he had been present at Court,*

*And dined in State with old General Blaize.*

*He deceived them all—yes, all but her,*

*The oldest head and the keenest mind;*

*But Innocence is clairvoyant I think,*

*And Instinct sees, where wisdom is blind.*

*And at last, when all was ripe, as he thought,*

*He declared his passion with fervid grace,*

*And she—who could have dreamed such a thing!*

*Listened demurely, and—laughed in his face.*

—California Home Journal.

## THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT-FAIR," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

### CHAPTER IV.

The clocks were tolling the three-quarters before midnight, as a gentleman splashed through the mud and wet of the London streets, on his way to a West-end gambling-house. It was the barrister, Thomas Kage. He was not given to frequent such places on his own account, but he was in urgent search of one who was. Not a cab was to be had, and his umbrella was useless; and glad enough was he to turn into the dark passage which led to its entrance, and shake the wet from his clothes. Dark, cold, and gloomy as it was here, inside all was light and warmth, and he was about to give the signal which would admit him to it, when the door was cautiously opened and two gentlemen came forth.

One of them, he was in her majesty's regiments, wore a scowling aspect; and with reason. He had become addicted to that bad vice, gambling; the worst vice, save one, that man can take to himself; and this night he had lost fearfully. Mr. Kage remained in his dark corner, but some one, who seemed to have been waiting there, glided out of the opposite one.

"Major," said this last, "I must speak to you."

"What the—mischief—brings you here?" demanded the scowling officer.

"I have waited for you two mortal hours. I was just in time to see you enter; and got threatened by the doorknobs, for insisting upon going in after you. I had not the password. Can I speak a word with you, major?"

"No," answered Major Dawkes. "I want to hear nothing. You know where I live, and you might come there. Pretty behavior, this is, to waylay an officer and a gentleman."

"Excuse me, major, but if you play at hide-and-seek—"

"Hide-and-seek," interrupted Major Dawkes. "What do you mean, sir?"

"It looks like it. You can never be seen at your house, and you will not answer our letters. It has not been for pleasure that I have waited here, like a lackey, this miserable night; we might have sent a clerk, but I came myself, out of courtesy to your feelings. If I cannot speak with you, I will give you into custody; and you know the consequences of that."

The major drew aside with him, and a few words passed between them in a whisper.

"To-morrow at twelve then, at the office," concluded the lawyer—as he evidently was. "And you will do well to keep the appointment, major, this time," he significantly added: "if you do not, we will not wait another hour."

The speaker turned out of the passage into the pool at its entrance, and then waded through other pools, down the street. Major Dawkes and his friend stood watching him. The major's cab was waiting, but his man, probably not expecting him so soon, was in the public-house round the corner: somebody else's man flew to fetch him.

"Horrid creatures these creditors are," cried the major's friend. "But it is the most incomprehensible thing in the world, Dawkes, that you should suffer yourself to be bothered in this way. Of course it is no secret that you are up to your eyes in embarrassment; there's not a fellow in the regiment owes half what you do for play, let alone other debts; why don't you pay up, and get clear?"

"Where's the money to do it? I don't possess a mine of gold."

"But your wife does. She has eight or ten thousand a year, and where does it all go?"

"Nonsense," peevishly uttered Major Dawkes. "My wife's income is not half as much. It would not be more than that, if her child died."

"Then, ay, I forgot—the best part of the money is settled on little Canterbury. Can't you touch his thousands?"

"I should not have waited till now to do it, if I could. His thousands are tied up to accumulate. A lordly fortune, his will be, by the time he is of age."

"But with so much money in the family—your own son's, as may be said—surely there are ways of getting at it. You might have the use of some to clear you, and pay it back at your leisure."

"So I would, if it were not for the boy's trustee," returned the major. "He's as tight a hand as you could find. I broached the point to him a few weeks ago; not taking Mrs. Dawkes into my counsels; and he cut me short with haughty denial. He's a regular curmudgeon."

Little thought the major that the "curmudgeon" was in the dark passage behind him

—Thomas Kage.

"Then, if things are like this, how can you ge plunged into expense at the rate you do? You must have lost a cool three hundred to-night."

"It is in my nature to spend," cried the major; "and spend I must, let who will cumber."

"Well, it does seem hard that a sickly child should be keeping you out of your thousands a year."

So hard did it seem, that Major Dawkes gave a curse to it in his heart; and another curse, spoken, to his servant, who now came up. He entered his cab, and, giving his friend a lift, was driven home; while Mr. Kage was admitted to the hidden mysteries of the house; but with his business there we have nothing to do.

Mrs. Dawkes was at that time recovering from an illness, and had retired to rest before the major's return. He proceeded to the room above hers, which he at present occupied; but sleep he could not; anxiety prevented it, for his position was beginning to look very black. He had spoken truth when he said he was by nature a spendthrift, and his early recklessness had compelled him to sell out of the army. It was a fortunate thing for him that he came in contact with Mr. Canterbury, and contriving to patch up matters for a while, so that his embarrassments were not suspected, succeeded in becoming her second husband. Some ready money thus came into his hands, which he used; his family also assisted him; so that he started clear again, and repurchased into the army. But his old habits retained their sway; he launched out into, not only imprudent but sinful expenses; and they brought their consequences with them. Happy for him, had they brought debt alone; but, to get himself out of one dreadful embarrassment, he obtained money upon a bill, which—which—had something peculiar about it, to speak cautiously; and which nobody could find to own.

Then, like Mrs. Dawkes, had a splendid country mansion, and three or four thousand a year in her own right, and of which nobody's imprudence could deprive her, husband or no husband, the above announcement did not convey the dismay it would to many wives.

"How shall you get out of this mess?" quoth she.

"I can get out of it in two ways; one by paying up; the other, by shooting myself."

"Ah," said she, equably, "people who talk of self-shooting, rarely do it. Don't be an idiot, Barnaby."

"Caroline," he rejoined, in a tone of agitation, "if I make light of it to you, it is to save you vexation; but I speak literally and truly, that I must pay, or—or—disappear somewhere, either into the earth or over the sea."

"What can be done?" she uttered, after a pause of consternation. "We have no ready money to spare, for our expenses swallow up everything."

"Our ready money would not suffice. The poor fellow was inextricably involved; and—I added, dropping his voice to a faint whisper—"ten or twelve thousand pounds would not more than pay it."

She gave way to a scream of dismay.

"Oh, Barnaby!"

"But for that deceitful old aunt of mine dying, and leaving me nothing in her will (I hope there's a Protestant purgatory, and that she's in it!) I should never have had occasion to tell you this. Indeed, but for the expectation of inheriting her fortune, I should not have answered for the poor fellow."

"What is to be done?" repeated Mrs. Dawkes, returning to the practical consideration of the dilemma.

"One thing can be done, Caroline; you can help me out—if you will."

"I!" she repeated.

"You can get Tom's trustee, Kage, to let me have the money. I will repay it."

"He will not do it."

"He will if you ask him; for me he would not."

"He never will," she repeated. "I know Thomas Kage too well. He is the most perfectly straightforward, honorable man breathing, ridiculously so. I am right, Barnaby, cross as you look over him; he would no more consent to lend a pound of Tom's money than he would lend the whole."

Major Dawkes' temper rose again.

"Then more foolish you, to appoint him trustee! When those, named in Mr. Canterbury's will, died, could you not have kept the power in your own hands? Why need you have given it over to that worthless Tom Kage?"

Mrs. Dawkes smiled.

"If you and I were but half as worthy as he is, Barnaby!"

"Well you lend it me!" growled the major.

"No. I have not the power. And if I had, I would not suffer Tom's money to be played with."

The major was angry and wrathful; and the little boy, alarmed at the raised voices, left his picture-book, and stole timidly forward, halting in the middle of the room.

"You see how necessary was the precaution you find fault with," said Mrs. Dawkes. "Had I kept the control of his fortune in my own hands, it might have been wasted in supplying emergencies like the present. I should ill fulfil my duty to my child, to suffer him to grow up a beggar. I am very sorry, Barnaby, that you should have got into this dilemma, but it is not Tom's money that can extricate you."

Major Dawkes turned round and stepped against the child, not knowing he was near; at the encounter his fury broke bounds.

"You little villain!" he foamed, with worse imprecation, "do you dare to stand between me and—your mother? There's for you!"

It was a cruel blow he struck the child, and

it fell him to the ground. The major kicked him there, in his dark hatred, his irrepressible passion, and went foaming from the room. Mrs. Dawkes raised the boy in her arms and tottered with him to a seat; she was weak from her late illness, but indignation gave her strength. For ten minutes, at least, neither spoke; the child sobbed on her neck, and she sobbed over him.

"Mamma, what had I done?"

"No. And I am sorry that Major Dawkes should have suggested this to you. I gave him a decisive negative eight or ten weeks ago."

"Has he asked you before?"

"He asked me then."

"Oh, indeed," she uttered, in a tone of piping against her husband, "he might have had the grace to consult me first, considering whose money it is. But you will advance it now, Thomas, for my sake."

"Oh, mamma, let him have it; and we will go away from here. Papa is never kind to me now."

"Yes, we will go away—we will go to the Rock, my boy, your own home. If papa likes to follow us, and behave himself, he can; and if not, he can stay away."

"Let papa have my money," repeated Tom Canterbury.

"I don't care for money."

"You do not understand, dear," was the reply of Mrs. Dawkes.

"We shall not want money in heaven, mamma."

room. She felt very unwell, and had been lying there on the sofa all the afternoon.

"It is the fatigue of nursing Tom," said the major. "I knew it would bring its reaction."

"It is nothing of the sort," replied Mrs. Dawkes. "I have taken a violent cold, or else caught Tom's complaint, for my chest feels sore. Country air will set both me and Tom to rights."

After dinner Mrs. Dawkes lay down on the sofa again, and she sent word into the nursery that her boy was to be brought to her. So he came into the room with his nurse, and the major left it.

"You are not going to be ill like you were before, mamma?" exclaimed the child, in an uneasy tone, putting his little face close to his mother's.

"Oh no, dear," she answered, cheerfully; "we shall both be well when we get to the Rock. The carriage will be at the door in the morning at half past nine, you know, Judith," continued Mrs. Dawkes to the nurse; "it will take nearly half an hour to drive to the station."

"I know, ma'am; we shall be ready. Had Master Tom better take his medicine in the morning? There will be a dose left."

"No, I think not. But he must take it to-night."

"Oh, yes, I shall give it him as soon as he is undressed. And that won't be long first," added Judith. "It has struck seven."

Mrs. Dawkes strained the child to her, and the child's little arms strained her. It was a long and close embrace, and he cried when he was taken from her, which was somewhat remarkable, as it was not a usual thing for him to do.

When he was gone, Mrs. Dawkes, after drinking a cup of tea brought by her maid, Fry, went into her bedroom to prepare for rest. She was irritable and impatient; so much so, that the maid asked whether she felt worse.

"Oh, I don't know," was the querulous answer. "Since I drank that cup of hot tea, my teeth have begun to ache again, enough to distract me."

"I would have it out, ma'am, if I were you," cried Fry. "It's always a distracting of you."

"Have it out! I have one tooth at my age!" cried Mrs. Dawkes. "I'd rather suffer martyrdom. Beguile over my hair, and don't say such things to provoke me!"

So Fry went on with her duties, and her mistress went on groaning, and holding one side of her face.

"Perhaps, ma'am, if you were to put a little brandy to it might ease you," Fry ventured to say again. "Some cotton steeped in brandy and put into the tooth has cured many a tooth-ache. Laudanum's best, but I suppose there's none in the house."

"It would do me no good," fretfully answered Mrs. Dawkes.

Fry left her mistress to rest, but there was no sleep for Mrs. Dawkes, the pain in her tooth prevented it. Now it happened that there was some laudanum in the house, though the maid had been unconscious of it. It had been brought in for some purpose several weeks before, and has stood, ever since, in the major's dressing-room. Mrs. Dawkes, in a moment of desperation, rose from her bed, resolved to try it. Her own dressing-room opened on one side of the bed-chamber, the major's on the other, and she snatched the night-light which was burning, and went into the latter.

It was a very small place, little better than a closet, and had no egress save through the bed-chamber. Her own dressing-room was large, and had two entrances. Over the major's wash-hand stand was a narrow slab of white marble, and on that stood the bottle required by Mrs. Dawkes. His tooth powder box and shaving-tack usually stood there, but since he had occupied the room up-stairs they had been removed there, the laudanum-bottle alone remaining.

Mrs. Dawkes went to the slab, and stretched forth her hand to take the bottle. Most exceedingly astonished was she to find that no bottle was there. The slab stood perfectly empty.

"Why, what can have gone with it?" she uttered. "The bottle is always there. I saw it there this very day. And the servants do not come in here, now the room's not being used."

She looked about with the light, but could see nothing of it; and, returning to her bed-room, steeped a bit of cotton in some spirits of camphor, and put that to her tooth, and lay down again. The pain subsided very soon, and she was dozing off to sleep, when some one came into the room from the passage entrance. Mrs. Dawkes pulled aside the curtain. It was her husband, and her movement caused him to start back.

"Are you there? Are you in bed?" he exclaimed.

"I could not sit up. Is it late or early? Are you come in for the night?"

"I have not been out yet; it is only nine. I am sorry to have disturbed you; I did not know you were here."

He went into his dressing room as he spoke, but came forth again immediately. "Caroline, I am going down to Kage, to see if I can't get him to do something. He ought, and he must."

"It will be of no use," she whispered, drowsily. "But I don't want to talk; I shall set my teeth on again."

The major left the room, and she heard him go out at the front door, and then she sank into sleep.

Mrs. Dawkes proceeded to the chambers of Thomas Kage, and found him in. The latter was surprised to see his visitor, and so late, for they were not on visiting terms, and there was no cordiality between them. "I will state my business in a few words," cried the major: "you may guess its nature, from what you have heard from my wife—"

"That you are in embarrassment," interrupted Mr. Kage, "and want me to advance Thomas Canterbury's money to extricate you. I cannot do it."

"Thomas Canterbury's money?" echoed the major; "you speak as if I wanted all he possessed, and the Rock into the bargain. I only wish to borrow a very trifling portion of it; three or four thousand pounds."

Mrs. Dawkes mentioned ten or twelve thou-

sands as the sum," remarked Mr. Kage. "but the amount is of no consequence."

"Mrs. Dawkes must have mistaken what I said I should like, for what I said I wanted. From three to four thousand pounds will be sufficient."

"Were it but three thousand pence, it would be all the same. I am surprised at you, Major Dawkes; at your ever thinking I would consent to it. It would be a positive fraud on the Canterbury."

"I shall pay you back, long before he is of age, Kage, my good fellow," added the major, wiping the perspiration from his brow—and indeed he had done little else since entering, for he seemed full of agitation—"consider the strait I am in. If I can't get money, and don't get money, there'll be nothing for it but the insolvent Court; Mrs. Dawkes would never let her up her head again."

Mr. Kage's opinion was different; it was a peculiar case, and the disgrace would not be reflected on her, the major's extravagance had brought it on himself, and on himself only. He peremptorily declined further appeal on the subject.

"Were the money my own, you should have it," said he, "but my trusteeship I will hold inviolate."

"Then to-morrow morning I must see about filing my petition," gloomily responded the major, "and your cousin, Mrs. Dawkes, will have you to thank for it."

Mr. Kage made no reply to this.

"I suppose Thomas is all right again," he observed, as he lighted the major down the stairs.

"Oh, he is well; wants nothing now but change of air; and his mother takes him to the Rock to-morrow. Good night."

At seven in the morning, Fry was in her mistress's room, according to orders. Mrs. Dawkes rose at once, remembering her journey; she said she felt better.

"The major must be called, Fry."

The major did not sleep at home, ma'am."

"Not sleep at home!"

"And he is not come in yet," added Fry.

Mrs. Dawkes, no better pleased than other wives are, when told their husbands have not slept at home, proceeded to dress. During its process, she sent Fry to see whether the nurse was getting up, and meanwhile went into the major's dressing room, for something she required. But, great as had been Mrs. Dawkes' surprise the previous night, to find the laudanum bottle absent from the slab, far, far greater was her present surprise to see it on, in the exact place it had always occupied, as if it had never been touched. Mrs. Dawkes mechanically took it in her hand. It was the vertebrae bottle, labelled "Tincture of opium. Major Dawkes."

Had she only dreamt that she came? None of the servants had been through her room in the night. But on her own dressing-table was the cotton and the phial of camphorated spirit, to prove that it was no dream.

Judith has been up over so long, ma'am," said Fry, re-entering the room; "and she's now going to dress Master Tom."

Directly afterwards, came the major, laughing gaily.

"Did you think I had taken flight, Caroline? I passed the evening with Briscoe in his rooms, after I left Kage; and it grew so late, without my being aware of it, that he gave me a bed. I feared I might disturb you, coming into the house at that hour; it was two o'clock."

Very accommodating of Captain Briscoe to keep beds ready made-up for his friends," coldly remarked Mrs. Dawkes.

"And that was a soot," laughed the major. "You will have a splendid day for your journey."

"What's the matter?"

The interruption came from Fry. The nurse, Judith, had stolen quietly inside the room, and was standing there, with her hands clasped, and her face white and wild-looking. Mrs. Dawkes turned at Fry's exclamation.

"What do you want, Judith?"

"I got up at six, ma'am," began Judith. "and when I had dressed myself I put up the child sleep as long as I could. I said to myself what a long night's rest he was having, what a beautiful sleep. And I—went to take him up now, and I—sir—ma'am—I can't awaken him."

She had spoken as she looked, in a wild, bewilder'd sort of manner; and she appeared to shake all over.

"It is the remains of his illness," remarked Mrs. Dawkes, but she gazed hard at Judith, thinking her manner, and her coming at all, very strange. "Children are sure to be sleepy after an illness; take him gently up, and he will awake as you dress him."

"But I can't take him up, ma'am," returned the trembling Judith. "He—he—won't wake."

Fry stared at her with open mouth, in private persuasion that she had lost her senses.

"Will you please to come and see, sir," added Judith. "Not you, ma'am."

The major, in answer to the appeal, left the room. Judith followed him closely, and laid hold of his arm.

"Oh, sir, I think he's dead," she whispered.

"I never saw death yet—but he is still and cold."

Major Dawkes roughly pushed away her arm with his elbow, and ascended the stairs, Judith at his heels. Mrs. Dawkes followed her, and Fry brought up the rear. Thomas Canterbury was lying in his crib, by the side of the nurse's bed; cold, and white, and—dead.

"He must have died in a fit!" cried Fry.

And Mrs. Dawkes fell across the little bed, giving vent to screams of anguish.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

This world may change from old to new.

From new to old again;

Yet hope and heaven, forever true,

Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bles the weary soul,

The struggles of the strong,

Are steps toward some happy goal.

The story of hope's song.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all.—JAMES PINE RICKET.

## MY UNCLE'S REQUEST.

Your individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself—occupy one of the row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domestic man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my mansion between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., my heart is generally at home with my diminutive household. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things; and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we had not enjoyed that peace which we did during the first year of our married life, yet his juvenile, though somewhat powerful little lungs had as yet failed in making ours a noisy house. Our regularity had, moreover, remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and teat at the same time, day after day.

We had been going on this clock work fashion for a year and a half, when one morning the postman brought to our door a letter of ominous appearance, and on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom, for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms. "What can Uncle Martin have to write about?" was our simultaneous exclamation, and I opened it with considerable curiosity.

—MARTIN HUXLEY, HEREFORD, Oct. 17, 1857.

DEAR NEPHEW.—You may perhaps have heard that I am forming an aviary here. A friend in Rotterdam has written to me to say that he has sent by the boat, which will arrive in London to-morrow afternoon, a very intelligent parrot and a fine stork. As the vessel arrives too late for them to be sent on the same night, I shall be obliged by you taking the birds home, and forwarding them to me the next morning. With my respects to your good lady, I remain your affectionate uncle,

RALPH MARTIN.

We looked at each other in silence, and then my wife said: "They're only birds: it might have been worse."

I said nothing, but got a book on natural history, and turned to "Stork." With trembling fingers I passed over the fact of "his hind toe being short, the middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe," because that would not matter much for one night; but I groaned out to my wife the pleasant intelligence that "his height is four feet, his appetite extremely voracious," and "his food—fruits, mice, worms, snails, and eels." Where were we to provide a supper and breakfast of this description for him?

I went to my office, and passed anything but a pleasant day, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o'clock, I took a cab to the docks, and on arriving there, inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as "the one with the crowd upon the quay." On driving up, I discovered why there was a crowd, and the discovery did not bring comfort with it. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea-leg or the land-leg, I could not tell; but the stork was merely tethered by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half-shoved, half-hauled all the way; which, as he got astride, after the manner of sanguarians, on every other bar, was a work of some difficulty. I hurried him into the cab, and ordering the driver to drive as quick as possible, got in with my guests. At first, I had to keep dodging my head, to keep my face away from his bill as he turned round; but all of a sudden he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding I kept pulling him back. Consequently, when we drew up at my door, there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as quick as I could, and shut the door.

How can I describe the spending of that evening? how can I get sufficient power out of the English language to let you know what a nuisance that bird was to us? How can I tell you the cool manner in which he inspected our domestic arrangements—walking slowly into rooms, and standing on one leg until his curiosity was satisfied; the expression of wretchedness that he threw over his entire person when he was tethered to one of the banisters; and had found out that, owing to our limited accommodation, he was to remain in the hall all night; the way in which he ate the snails specially provided for him, verifying to the letter the naturalist's description of his appetite. How can you, who have not had a stark staying with you, have any idea of the change which came over his temper after his supper—he pecked at everybody who came near him; how he stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs; how my wife and I made fruitless attempts to get past, followed by ignominious retreats; how at last we out maneuvered him by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and then rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

"Are you there? Are you in bed?" he exclaimed.

"I could not sit up. Is it late or early? Are you come in for the night?"

"I have not been out yet; it is only nine. I am sorry to have disturbed you; I did not know you were here."

He went into his dressing room as he spoke, but came forth again immediately. "Caroline, I am going down to Kage, to see if I can't get him to do something. He ought, and he must."

"Oh, sir, I think he's dead," she whispered.

"It will be of no use," she answered, drowsily. "But I don't want to talk; I shall set my teeth on again."

The major left the room, and she heard him go out at the front door, and then she sank into sleep.

Major Dawkes proceeded to the chambers of Thomas Kage, and found him in. The latter was surprised to see his visitor, and so late, for they were not on visiting terms, and there was no cordiality between them. "I will state my business in a few words," cried the major: "you may guess its nature, from what you have heard from my wife—"

"That you are in embarrassment," interrupted Mr. Kage, "and want me to advance Thomas Canterbury's money to extricate you. I cannot do it."

"Thomas Canterbury's money?" echoed the major; "you speak as if I wanted all he possessed, and the Rock into the bargain. I only wish to borrow a very trifling portion of it; three or four thousand pounds."

Major Dawkes mentioned ten or twelve thou-

sand as the sum," remarked Mr. Kage. "but the amount is of no consequence."

"Mrs. Dawkes must have mistaken what I said I should like, for what I said I wanted. From three to four thousand pounds will be sufficient."

"Were it but three thousand pence, it would be all the same. I am surprised at you, Major Dawkes; at your ever thinking I would consent to it. It would be a positive fraud on the Canterbury."

"I shall pay you back, long before he is of age, Kage, my good fellow," added the major, wiping the perspiration from his brow—and indeed he had done little else since entering, for he seemed full of agitation—"consider the strait I am in. If I can't get money, and don't get money, there'll be nothing for it but the insolvent

## NEWS ITEMS.

**CATTLE KILLED BY EATING SORGHUM.**—The independence (Iowa) Guardian gives an account of the destruction of seven head of cattle from eating the refuse Chinese sugar-cane, after it had been compressed in the mill. The outer coating of the stalks is of a very vitreous character; when thus broken up and taken into the stomach, it operates like broken glass, cutting, and, in some cases penetrating entirely through the coats of that organ, producing a violent inflammation. A post mortem examination in this case revealed this as the cause of death. This important fact should be made known to every farmer, as it may be the means of preventing a serious destruction of their stock.

**THIEVES IN ROCHESTER.**—A negro in Rochester who has a mania for stealing guns of all sorts. He has been caught in the crime several times, and in two instances broke into stores filled with valuable goods, taking only a gun from each. It is singular fact that many thieves adopt a particular article as their favorite, and will pass by those more valuable to obtain the one they have chosen. There are gun thieves, chicken thieves, grain thieves, clothes line thieves, copper-bellied thieves, silver-plate thieves, cow thieves, and many others who have a specialty and seldom devote any attention to other property.

The "British Standard" intimates, and needly asserts, that an offer of ten thousand dollars has been made to Mr. Spurgeon if he will visit New York and preach four sermons in the Academy of Music.

**Mr. Mourin is about to play, blindfolded, twenty games at one time.** He has challenged Harrwitz to a match of five or seven games for 500 francs, giving Harrwitz "the odds of a pawn and move." The challenge had not been accepted.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser said on the President's New Year's day, and had the privilege of shaking hands with Miss Lane, and having his portrait picked simultaneously, in the presence of a strong force of American police. All this was accomplished to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner, played by a feeble band in an invisible room.

**SINGULAR RECOVERY OF SPEECH.**—A Birmingham correspondent says:—"A young married woman, who had been deprived of her voice for several months, so that she could only speak in an almost inarticulate whisper, was one night lately a short distance from home, when she was frightened by a goat, which she suddenly encountered lying in her path, and being apprehensive that the animal was going to attack her, she not only made the attempt, but positively uttered a loud scream. From that moment her voice was restored."

Two wealthy Hindoo generously liberated all the debtors incarcerated in Bombay jail on the day when the Queen's proclamation was read, by paying their debts for them.

A few in St. Louis are preparing to establish a direct passenger and transportation line for Pike's Peak, and will start their first train of ten wagons the first of April next, from St. Louis. The price of through passage and provisions is placed at \$125. The total distance from St. Louis to the gold region is, 1,150 miles.

The New York Central Railroad Company have procured a calorifer engine, to use at their water-works in Rome, in place of a steam engine. It is said to work well, and only costs 20 cents a day to run it. It is used to pump water from the Mohawk river into the water-houses of the company.

**A YANKEE GIRL.**—A young lady, daughter of Dr. Bruce, of West Boylston, Mass., caught a large gray fox destroying the inmates of her hen-coop, a few days ago, when, seizing a pitchfork, she entered the apartment, closed the door after her, pitched in, and Reynard was soon laid out.

**THE FRENCH PRINCE.**—The little Prince Imperial of France was playing the other day in the gardens of *Montjoie*, when some ladies well known to him ran up as usual to kiss and feed him. But the little heir apparent, doubtless under instruction, astonished them by throwing himself into an attitude, and holding out his "hand" for their salute.

A patriarch named Solomon Pierce, of Essex, Vt., now 78 years of age, has twenty-three children, ninety-two grandchildren, and twenty-seven great-grandchildren—a snug little family of one hundred and forty-two, and all but eight or ten living in Chittenden county.

**PATRIOTS HAVE GONE TO THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.**—For a law allowing judges to accept a verdict from three-fourths of a jury in civil suits, where, in their opinion, the cause of justice would be served thereby. Judge Nash, of the Boston Superior Court, endorsed the proposition. The general principle of the unanimity of the jury on a verdict is not proposed to be destroyed by it; but, if, after long consideration, they fail entirely to agree, the judge may in his discretion accept the opinion of three-fourths of them as a verdict.

The accident which deprived Prescott of the use of one eye, says the Salem Register, and subsequently so impaired the power of vision in the other, was occasioned by a blow from a crock of bread, thrown across the room, by a fellow student in Commons Hall, near the close of his college career. This seeming calamity changed the whole current of his life, which he intended to devote to legal pursuits, and finally led him into that brilliant career as a historian, in which he has achieved a world-renowned honor for himself and his country.

At the last adjournment from Hayti, measures were in active progress for the permanent establishment of the Republic. General Geffard has received important aid from the commercial class. Solonique and his army were very destitute. He has placed his family on board a vessel at Port au Prince, and he doubtless intends to leave the country with them.

**CANNON OR LONG RANCE.**—A new gun has been invented in Newcastle, England, and tested at Sheerness, the projecting power of which completely distances that of any piece of ordnance hitherto known. At an elevation of thirty-three degrees it has sent a 22 pound shot a distance of 3600 yards, or more than five miles. The same range has been attained by a 9-pounder, weighing 16 cwt., of similar construction.

Moses Abraham Flavel and J. Decker, Second Adventists, have issued a circular, called "The Time Messengers," containing twenty-eight columns of arguments and figures, to demonstrate that the second coming of Christ will be during the Passover of the present year.

The citizens of the town of Bloomington, in Douglas county, Illinois, have recently passed an ordinance entitling women to an equality with men, as voters—in town affairs, we suppose.

**AN IDEA WORTHY OF THE "GREAT WEST."**—It has been proposed by some of our western contemporaries "to unite the waters of the Upper Arkansas, the South Platte, and the Kansas rivers, into one stream, to fill the bed of the latter, and make from the three incon siderable and almost useless streams, one broad, deep, navigable river; that would open the far west country clear to the base of the mountains, and into the new aridiferous regions, whither emigration and civilization are now powerfully attracted. The river thus created, would equal the Missouri in magnitude."

**THE SKELETON OF A REGIMENT.**—The 32d Regiment, which gained such glory at Lucknow, is now only 215 strong, 469 having died since May, 1857; of these 235 were killed in action. The regiment should be sent home.—*Bloudy Times.*

At Dubuque, Iowa, lately, an old lady kicked a boy at whom she became angry, with such force that she ruptured a blood-vessel, and died in a short time.

We know a man so habitually sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened.

**ANOTHER CATALOGUE OF CURES EFFECTED BY JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.**

**CASSELVILLE, IOWA.**—Aug. 9th, 1858.

Dr. D. JAYNE.—Dear Sir—I resided at Marble Works, Pekins, Co., Ga., last year, and was attacked with a severe headache, costiveness, and a dry hacking cough, which harassed me very much.

The only medicines I used were your Expectorant and Sanative Pills; from the use of both I was cured in a very short time. I can honestly say, that your Expectorant is a great medicine, and I honor you for being the inventor of it.

Yours, &c., JOHN T. COX.

**"ALMOST AT THE POINT OF DEATH."**

LLOYD, WIS., Oct. 16, 1858.

Dr. D. JAYNE.—Having been almost at the point of death, and had given up all hopes of ever rising from my bed, I commenced the use of your Expectorant, and in a short time began to be relieved, and by the continued use of your medicine I became a sound man. My complaint was Consumption. I have also used your other medicines in my family, and I am fully satisfied that as curatives there are no medicines equal to yours.

ROBERT BRUCE STEWART.

**IN THREE DAYS MY COUGH WAS CURED.**

AKRON, OHIO, Sept. 14, 1858.

Dr. D. JAYNE.—Dear Sir—This certifies that after severall bilious attack, and suffering with nearly all the symptoms which you have so accurately described in your Almanac, under the head of Liver Complaint, and especially with a severe, dry cough, very troublesome at night, also, with acute neuralgia pain, and soreness in the right side with a slight swelling, usually with discharge of mucus. The expectorant has failed to relieve me. I was induced to try your Expectorant. I commenced with five doses on the first day, and took eight on the second. In three days my cough was cured. I then commenced taking your Sanative Pills, continuing the Expectorant, and in one week all the symptoms of biliousness and neuralgia left me. I am now regaining my former weight more rapidly than I lost it.

C. T. POOLER,

Superintendent of the Akron Schools.

**PAIN AND SORENESS OF MY BREAST.**

WASHINGTON PARISH, LA., June 16, 1858.

This is to certify that, for the last five or six years, I have been afflicted with pain and soreness of my breast, my lungs being especially defective, and that by the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, Alternative, and Sanative Pills, I obtained great relief and am much more sound and have better health than I have had for the last eight years.

JESSE PIERCE.

The "EXPECTORANT" is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 CHESTNUT Street, below Third, Phila.

**AS THE TRULY WONDERFUL MERITS OF THE EXPECTORANT BEING DISCOVERED.**

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1858.

This is to certify that, for the last five or six years, I have been afflicted with pain and soreness of my breast, my lungs being especially defective, and that by the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, Alternative, and Sanative Pills, I obtained great relief and am much more sound and have better health than I have had for the last eight years.

JESE PIERCE.

The "EXPECTORANT" is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 CHESTNUT Street, below Third, Phila.

**THE STOCK MARKET.**

COMMITTEE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

Bid Asked.

RAILROAD STOCKS & LAND.

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